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ELVIE THE FOUNDLING:

—OR,—

THE HOMICIDE OF HAZLEHURST.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

ELVIE RECEIVES AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE FROM VALMONT.

VALMONT had not since John Hunsdon's imprisonment even called on Elvie, thinking that pressing his suit before the first whirl of excitement and agonizing emotion of her and those dear to her had time to settle down into a more passive sorrow, would injure rather than promote it. As yet, everything, so far as he could discover, went to implicate John Hunsdon. There was no look—no secret whisperings, to indicate that suspicion had even glanced at himself, or any other person, except the prisoner. What he recalled to mind with the most uneasiness, except the loss of the articles which have several times been alluded to, were certain hints and expressions of Berrian the teamster, the morning after the murder at Simpson's hotel. They filled him with alarm at the time, which it was difficult to conceal, and still at times, they flashed so vividly upon his recollection, that he actually recoiled, as if from the weight of a heavy blow. But as he had never since heard from the man, he began to imagine that his fears had caused him to attach too much importance to expressions which in reality had little meaning.

Nor did the remembrance of the horror manifested by him, in presence of the woman who entered the chamber as he stood by the body of Harder, have a very tranquillizing effect on his spirits. But, as the woman did not appear to have considered it worth mentioning, he began to console himself with the thought that what took place must have been magnified to his imagination.

The time had now come when he must see Elvie. He waited till rather late in the evening, when, as he had reason to believe, he should find her alone. In this, his expectations were not disappointed, though the chilling coldness which she manifested at his appearance, was not very flattering to his hopes.

Elvie, after his first entrance, remained silent, showing by her manner, it was her wish that his visit should be a short one.

"I have done great violence to my inclinations, Miss Hunsdon, as you must be aware, in not calling long before now," said Valmont, breaking the silence which was now embarrassing.

He waited as if in expectation of an answer, but as she did not speak he went on.

"It is hardly necessary for me to say how deeply I have sympathized with you. Were it otherwise, I should be devoid of the common feelings of humanity; for by what I have seen and heard, I'm convinced that you regard Mr. Hunsdon with as much affection, as if he was your own father."

"If I do, it is because he is worthy of my affection."

"*Has* been, you might say; but I honor you the more, for the love which will not permit you to forsake him, now that his name is blighted. I am not like Herbert Beverly. You are the same to me, as before this sad affair took place, and to show you that I am sincere in what I say, I now offer you my heart, hand and fortune."

"I cannot accept your offer, Mr. Valmont."

"Is there nothing which would tempt you?"

"I can think of nothing."

"To save your father, would you not?"

"It is useless for me to answer that question, as it could not save him."

"You are certain that he must die?"

"No, I have not abandoned all hope yet."

"It is the opinion of every one, that he will be found guilty, after which you know what must follow. Can you bear to think of it?"

Elvie did not speak, nor look up, but a perceptible shudder ran through her frame.

"Marry me, and he shall be saved, and you and your mother will be saved from a bitter sorrow, that will cling to you, as long as you live."

"How can it save him?"

"I will enable him to escape from prison."

"You don't know my father as well as I do, or you would know if the doors of his prison were left open, he wouldn't go forth as a fugitive, branded with the crime he is accused of. He feels too strong in conscious innocence for that."

"He says that he is innocent, I suppose?"

"Yes, and he always speaks the truth."

Valmont smiled.

"Assertion is no proof," said he.

"To me it is."

"Without doubt, yet it is not so to me. If the evidence against him be conclusive—even the truth will not save him. Let him be made sensible of this, and I hardly think that he will prove himself so quixotic, as to refuse to save his life by walking through the open doors of his prison. No—his blood will be upon the head of his daughter, not his own, since she refuses to save him."

"I will write to him, and tell him of your offer, and his answer will show what I say is true."

"There must be no delay—you must write this evening."

"I will."

"Write now then. I will wait till you have finished, for I must see it before it is sent."

Elvie made no objection, and having procured writing materials, wrote the subjoined note.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—Write this in the presence of Jervis Valmont. He says if I will marry him he will aid your escape from prison, in which, as the evidence will go strong against you, lies your only hope. Think well upon this, my dear father, before you decide, and be assured, that she whom you have shielded and guided from infancy, will think no sacrifice too great, which will save a life so dear to my mother, and

"Your affectionate and devoted daughter,

"ELVIE HUNSDON."

"I was to see that," said Valmont, when she had finished writing.

She put the letter into his hand.

"You give me your word that you will send this?"

"I do."

"Which you will not retract under any pretence, whatever?"

"I will not."

He then read the letter.

"A wonderfully great sacrifice," said he, with a sneer, casting aside the degree of deference he had previously assumed. "But I suppose you wish to have it seem as if you were acting the part of a distressed heroine."

Even the haughty features of Helen Marshall could not have expressed more scorn and contempt than did Elvie's, which alone showed that she had heard his remark. The next moment, all trace of angry passion had passed away.

"Have I expressed the meaning of what you have said to me, with sufficient clearness and precision?" said she.

"I think there'll be no danger of his misunderstanding it."

"As soon as I receive an answer, I will let you know."

"I must see it myself. I don't like for things of that kind to be second-handed."

"I am willing that you should."

When he was gone, Elvie added a few words to what she had written, saying that she should be obliged to show the answer to Valmont. This was to caution her father against making any allusion to certain incidents, which it might not be advisable for Valmont to know.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MINIATURES.

THOUGH one o'clock when the landlord left him, Edward Stafford, before he slept, wrote to a friend of his in New Orleans, requesting him to inform him, with as little delay as possible, if a man by the name of James Villars was at that time or had been formerly a resident of that city.

The next morning, for the sake of consistency, and much to the satisfaction of the landlady, Stafford commenced the portrait of little Nellie Wait, who with her soft brown eyes, golden curls, and lips like ripe cherries, was one of the loveliest children he had ever seen.

By Mr. Wait's household, he was considered a shy, and very harmless young man, even Peggy, who was a kind-hearted damsel, assuming towards him an encouraging and patronizing air, in order, as she said, to keep him in countenance.

The same evening that Valmont called on Elvie, there was a rap at Stafford's door, which in answer to his invitation to enter, was opened by the same woman, who on the morning after the murder had found Valmont standing by the dead body of Harder.

"Here are your shirts and handkerchiefs, which Peggy and I have been ironing," said she.

"Very well," said Stafford, "lay them on the table, if you please."

She did as he desired, but seemed in no hurry to leave the room.

"I almost always come over and help Peggy do the washing and ironing," said she; "and so she got me to bring up the clothes, for ever since that dreadful affair happened, she's kind of timid about going up stairs after dark, and especially of coming to this chamber."

"Why is she afraid of this chamber, more than any other?"

"I'm sure, I thought you would know."

"She is a little superstitious, I suppose?"

"Yes, but she needn't be afraid. If ever the man that was murdered is allowed to come back, 'twill be the murderer he will haunt—not this chamber where he was as decently laid out, as if he had been one of our best citizens."

"This was Mr. Valmont's room, was it not?"

"Yes, and he's never had the courage to sleep here since."

"Never had the courage? Is that the reason?" said Stafford, hoping to elicit some little incident which might be turned to account.

"That's what I say, though he pretends that he likes a smaller room for winter. Now I call this a comfortable room, with a good fire—don't you find it so?"

"Very."

"Well, I don't know but what I am mistaken, but it appears to me there's something about this Mr. Valmont, not quite right."

"Why?"

"You see that he was gone away the night of the murder, and didn't know that the body was brought in here; so the next morning when he came from the village, before any one had a chance to tell him he came up. I happened to be passing the door, and thought I heard some one, so I looked in, and there he stood—Mr. Valmont, I mean—pale as ashes, and talking in such a wild, dreadful way to himself, that somehow, the thought flashed into my mind, that if he'd been the murderer, he couldn't have been more horror-struck, as 'twere. And there is something else I could tell you, if I were a mind to. I have never breathed it to a living soul yet, but as you don't seem to be much given to talking, I don't know but that it would be safe to tell you."

"Your confidence shall not be abused."

"Well, you see as he stood there, with his eyes glaring, and looking so white, I saw that one of his wristbands was stained with blood. The sight of it struck me so, that it made me feel sick and faint, and I thought I should have dropped on the floor, for somehow, it seemed impressed on my mind, that I stood in the presence of the murderer, as well as the murdered, and I can assure you, sir, that it was a solemn and awful thought."

"Do you think that any one else saw the stain?"

"No, I'm pretty certain there wasn't, or there would have been something said about it. I am called a great talker, but I know when to speak and when not to—at least, I think I do—and it appeared to me the time hadn't come then to mention it."

"You were quite right, and will, I hope, continue to be as discreet as you have been."

"I mean to be. I shall say nothing about it, till the right time comes. After he went from this chamber, I didn't see him again till dinner time, and then I saw that he had changed his linen. When as usual I helped Peggy wash, I looked for the stained wristband, but could find nothing of it. He had, as I suppose, discovered the spot of blood, and so kept it out of the way. But here I am keeping you from your papers and books, for all that I didn't mean to open my lips, when I came in, but the sight of this room brought that dreadful morning so fresh to mind, that somehow, I couldn't help speaking about it."

"What you have said, may prove to be of service. You will permit me, however, to again caution you against saying anything about it at present, to any other person whatever."

"I shall remember what you say."

"Before you go, will you tell me your name?"

"Prudence Hammond."

"You live near here, I suppose?"

"Yes, only a few rods distant."

"I may wish to have some more conversation with you, at some future time."

Prudence looked at him rather keenly.

"It's my belief," said she, "that you are not exactly what you appear to be, any more than Mr. Valmont, though in a way that is very different. Your mind isn't on portrait painting so much as on something else, if I am any judge."

"It is said that time unveils truth," was Stafford's reply.

"I hope it will unveil it, and that very soon, too. If it does, quite a different person, in my opinion, from John Hunsdon, will prove to be the author of the murder."

The same evening that the foregoing conversation took place between Stafford and Prudence Hammond, Mr. Beverly, Herbert and Helen Marshall, were sitting together. Mrs. Carlton had for some purpose left the room.

It may be remembered that on the evening of that lady's arrival at Mr. Beverly's, while she was giving some account of her sister, who died at the South about three years after her marriage with a gentleman by the name of Willoughby, Herbert Beverly was called from the room. The conversation thus broken off, was not at that time resumed. It had not, in truth, occurred to either of those present since that time. Herbert's thoughts had been too actively employed in another way, while Helen's hopes and fears were often almost as painfully excited as his, when she remembered that her own future prospects in life, as well as those of others, depended on the successful issue of Edward Stafford's undertaking. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to keep up a conversation, and each had relapsed into silence, when Mrs. Carlton entered the room with a miniature in her hand.

"I came across this to-day," said she, handing it to Mr. Beverly, "and it recalled to my mind the conversation so abruptly broken off the evening we came here."

"You were speaking of your sister, were you not?" said Mr. Beverly.

"Yes."

"And this miniature?"

"Is here."

"How very beautiful," said Mr. Beverly. "It looks like you, Helen."

"So every one says," was Helen's reply, "and yet, I think it would be difficult to tell wherein the resemblance lies. I can see none myself."

"Look at it, Herbert," said his father, "and tell us what you think."

Herbert took the miniature, and after a few moments earnestly scanning the features, turned to his aunt.

"This is the likeness of your sister?" said he, "who died many years ago?"

"Yes, and as perfect a resemblance, as it is possible to imagine."

"It is very strange," said he.

"Why?" inquired Helen.

"I should say it was meant for Elvie Hunsdon."

"A mere fancy, I suspect," said his father.

"No, it is not a fancy. The moment I saw cousin Helen, the evening she arrived, I saw that she looked like Elvie. But her resemblance to her is slight, while that of the miniature is perfect. You shall judge for yourselves."

He left the room for a few moments, and when he returned, he placed a pen and ink sketch of a beautiful female head upon the table.

"This," said he, "was sent me a week ago by Edward Stafford. It must have been done in a moment of inspiration, for not only are the features accurate, but he has infused into them the exact character and expression of the original. In the letter accompanying the sketch, he remarked that he thought that Elvie resembled Helen."

"I must confess," said Mrs. Carlton, "that the resemblance between the two miniatures is wonderful—as perfect as it could be, between a finished painting on ivory, and this apparently hasty though masterly sketch."

"As you say," said Mr. Beverly, "the resemblance is wonderful, but that it should be so, appears to me still more wonderful."

"There is a mystery about it," said Helen, "which I think ought to be cleared up."

"There are often accidental resemblances between persons who are not akin," said Mr. Beverly, "and this may be one of them."

"I think not," said Mrs. Carlton. "I even think it possible that the mystery may be elucidated. You will remember that I told you that my sister died at New Orleans, and that her husband survived her only a day or two."

"And his name, you said, was Willoughby," remarked Mr. Beverly.

"Yes. They had a child—a little girl, who was at that time something like two years old, and after hearing of their decease, I wrote to ascertain if she was living."

"And was she?" inquired Herbert.

"She was supposed to be dead, so wrote the person I applied to for information. I felt so little satisfied with this supposition, that I hired a man who was going near New Orleans on business, to investigate the matter, but it was all to no purpose. The child couldn't be found nor any one who could give any account of the affair, and so Mr. Willoughby's half-brother, who was the nearest heir, came quietly into possession of a princely fortune."

"Mr. Willoughby's half-brother, did you say?" inquired Herbert.

"Yes."

"What was the brother's name?"

"James Villars."

Herbert started when he heard the name, for Edward Stafford had written to him concerning the papers he had found, signed James Villars."

"You have heard that name before?" said Mrs. Carlton, who noticed the start he gave, on hearing it mentioned.

"I have."

"In connection with her you call Elvie Hunsdon?" she asked.

"No, though there are a number of interesting incidents connected with her, which I learned from Mr. and Mrs. Hunsdon, which I think you would like to hear."

"I should for one," said Helen.

When Herbert had finished his recital, Mrs. Carlton exclaimed:

"She is Ginevra's child—she must be. All the circumstances you have mentioned, go to prove it."

"And my old friend, Merton Willoughby, was her father?" said Mr. Beverly.

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Carlton.

"If so," said Helen, "this James Villars, her uncle, must have been a great villain."

"The child seems to have been unfortunate in every way," said Mr. Beverly. "First comes early orphanage, then a villanous uncle, while now, he who has supplied to her the place of a father, is awaiting his trial for murder."

"I must take her under my care," said Mrs. Carlton.

"I don't think," said Herbert, "that she could be persuaded to leave Mrs. Hunsdon, who is the same to her as an own mother, at this time. She would consider it a duty to remain with her, and inclination and duty, I have no doubt, will go hand in hand."

"If she would be persuaded to leave her," said Helen, "when so overwhelmed with affliction, I would not own her for a cousin. It would be equally cruel and ungrateful."

"You are right, my daughter," said Mrs. Carlton. "In recalling to mind her own mother, I forgot her claims who has supplied her place."

"And most faithfully supplied it, too," said Herbert.

"Some three or four years ago," said Helen, "when I had just entered my teens, and when having found a cozy place in some old, unbrageous tree, I sat hours, rocked by the wind, reading the loves of some adventurous knight and 'ladye faire,' I should have thought it worth a pilgrimage to the chapel made sacred by the dust of Heloise and Abelard, could I have found a real bit of romance like this. But now, I should much prefer to find my beautiful cousin in some Aladdin like palace, with this, my other cousin, a favored lover, kneeling at her feet."

"Helen."

This was said by Mrs. Carlton aside to her daughter, in a low, though rebuking accent, for the little confidential interviews, which she knew had taken place between Helen and Herbert, had led her to imagine that her cherished matrimonial scheme was in a fair way of being accomplished now.

"Well, I *should* prefer it," said Helen, without taking the precaution to lower her voice as her mother had done.

"There are other preferences to consult besides your own," gravely remarked Mr. Carlton.

"O, I spoke advisedly—that is, if the parties personally concerned are to be consulted. I appeal to cousin Herbert for the truth of my assertion."

"Courtesy will not permit me to deny it," said Herbert.

Mr. Beverly, in the meantime, sat silent and thoughtful. After a while, he turned to his sister-in-law:

"I think it will be best for the present," said he, "not to let this discovery go beyond ourselves, except so far as will be advisable for the sake of such inquiries respecting this James Villars, as may be thought necessary."

"Do you include her—my niece, I mean—among those to remain in ignorance?" said Mrs. Carlton.

"I hardly know what to say," was the reply.

"If it will afford her the least consolation, during this gloomy and trying time, she ought to be told," said Helen.

"But if, after all, it should turn out that we are mistaken," said Mr. Beverly.

"It will not turn out so," said Herbert. "Certain facts, which I am not at liberty to disclose, authorize me to say this."

"Let her know then," said his father.

CHAPTER XXII.

EDWARD STAFFORD CALLS ON ELVIE.

ELVIE soon received an answer to the letter she sent her father. It said:

"Tell Mr. Valmont, that I shall not fix upon myself the guilt and odium of the crime of which I am accused, by any attempt at escape. My trust is in Heaven, which will, I believe, cause my innocence to appear. If it prove to be otherwise, life will be a burden which I shall willingly lay down. Continue, my dear daughter, as you have from the first, to believe that the hand which writes this, is guiltless of the blood of the unhappy stranger, who met his death in our peaceful neighborhood. May the blessing of Him, to whom I can with humble confidence appeal, rest upon you. Your affectionate father,

"JOHN HUNSDON."

She had scarcely finished reading it, when Valmont called. She put the letter into his hand. As he read his brow grew dark.

"When he stands on the scaffold to receive the doom of a malefactor, he will repent of this," said he, contemptuously tossing the letter from him.

"Can you be worthy the name of a man, and allow yourself to call up such a fearful scene to the imagination of a poor, weak girl, whom sorrow has bowed to the earth?"

"Weak! You had better call yourself obstinate. On such, persuasion and argument are both thrown away. But there is one resource left yet," he muttered to himself, as he turned from her and left the room.

Valmont, as he returned, met Edward Stafford, who with canvass, and other materials for drawing and painting, was on his way to the parsonage, a number of ladies belonging to the society of Mr. Wingrove having prevailed on him to sit for his portrait. He did not deign to notice the humble artist, either by word or look, which did not in the least appear to disconcert the object of his neglect, who with his usual calm, undemonstrative manner passed on.

The pastor having given Stafford his first sitting, remarked to him that he had recently heard from Herbert Beverly.

"He speaks of you in his letter," he went on to say, "and I may as well mention, that I have from the first known that you have other and more important reasons for being here, than painting portraits. I have for some time desired a favorable opportunity to see you, for I believe I can give you a little information which may be of some use, as circumstances, slight in themselves, by forming links in a chain of evidence, may lead to others of more consequence."

"No circumstance," said Stafford, "which, in any degree can have a bearing on the affair which induced me to come to this place in a character which doesn't properly belong to me, is unimportant."

"Previously to making them known, we will retire to a room a little less exposed, lest 'the birds of the air carry the matter,'" said the pastor, leading the way into an apartment where we have seen him before.

In half an hour, Edward Stafford took leave of the pastor, and returned to his lodgings at the hotel. He had now for more than a week been impatiently waiting to hear from his friend at New Orleans. He had nearly decided to write to him again, thinking his letter had failed to reach its destination, when the answer arrived. His friend informed him, that immediately after the receipt of his letter, he had learned that a man by the name of James Villars had till within a short time resided in the city—that he was then absent, and had left his business in the hands of an agent. He called on the agent, and found, by him, that Mr. Villars had written a few weeks previously, to inform him that in a day or two he expected to sail for Europe, where he intended to remain a year, perhaps more. He inquired from what place he sailed, but of this the agent was ignorant.

"I don't believe that he is gone to Europe, more than I have," said Stafford half aloud, and impatiently throwing the letter upon the table.

Time was beginning to press. After his interview with the landlord the night he arrived at Hazlehurst, when he recalled to mind what Herbert Beverly had told him, he strongly suspected that James Villars, the writer of the letter and the bond found in Harder's pocket-book and Jervis Valmont were the same person. A few days subsequently, after having had an opportunity to see some of the handwriting of Valmont, he was less sanguine, for it bore no resemblance to that of the two papers referred to, as far as he could perceive, though he was tolerably well skilled in detecting those peculiarities which distinguish the chirography of one individual from that of another.

Since then, what Prudence Hammond had told him, together with what the pastor had disclosed, during their private interview, satisfied him that Jervis Valmont was guilty of the crime for which John Hunsdon was in prison; and that he was right in suspecting him to be the author of the letter and the bond.

He therefore, after a few minutes' reflection, concluded to again write to his friend in New Orleans, and request him to seek out some one who had known James Villars, for the purpose of identifying him. He earnestly entreated him to use the utmost diligence, as there would be barely time, even if unretarded by any unforeseen occurrence, for the person, whose presence was desired to arrive in season. This letter, in which was enclosed the necessary summons, was sent by the morning mail.

After Stafford had written the letter, he prepared to go out. The night was dark and stormy, and occasionally, a heavy gust of wind drove the sleet and rain against the windows, as if to warn those who were comfortably sheltered not to venture forth.

The storm and darkness, however, were considered propitious by Stafford, for it was his intention to call on Elvie Hunsdon, and he did not wish to excite curiosity or comment, by having it known. He descended the stairs with as little noise as possible, and was glad to find that the bar-room door was closed. As he passed the window, he saw several men sitting by the fire, among whom was Valmont.

A few minutes' walk brought him to the dwelling of the Hunsdons. He knocked at the door, which was opened by Aunt Margaret, who at once recognizing him, invited him to enter.

"Is Miss Elvie Hunsdon at home?" he inquired.

"She is," was the reply, and before he had time to say that he should like to see her alone, she threw open the door of the sitting-room, where Mrs. Hunsdon and Elvie sat near a work-table.

Those who had seen Matty Hunsdon previously to the arrest of her husband, would have hardly known her now. A look of patient sadness had taken the place of that warm sunshine of the heart, which was ever breaking in rosy smiles over her handsome countenance, making it a perfect map of benevolence and good humor. She was busy at her needle, making some warm, comfortable garment for *him*, to shield him from the rigor of the cold winter. It was plain to see that her heart was in her work. The stitches were act small and even, as if it was intended to be worn in public, on some gala day, rather than in a lonely prison.

She looked up when Edward Stafford entered, and an expression akin to the warm look of welcome, which had ever been so ready to manifest itself, spread a slight glow over her countenance. The next moment it was gone, and her eyes were again fastened on her work so intently that she seemed unconscious of any one's presence. Aunt Margaret's lips quivered, as she murmured to herself, "Poor Matty," at the same time furtively dashing away a tear, which hung on her eyelash.

Stafford had seen Elvie at meeting several times, but she appeared to him far lovelier at home, from the solicitude manifested so delicately and unobtrusively, on account of her mother. A glance at her pale and beautiful face showed that she suffered deeply, but the necessity she felt for self-control, that she might calmly and faithfully perform those duties which naturally arose from her being obliged to take upon herself the part of protectress as well as of comforter towards her mother, gave to her sorrow a holy and inexpressible beauty.

"If I am asked the question you mentioned, I can remain silent."

"In that you are mistaken."

"Can I be compelled to answer?"

"You can. Such is the law."

"Then with the help of Him, in whose hands are life and death, I will speak the truth."

"I would not persuade you to do otherwise. As Mr. Marsden does not remember to have heard the clock strike, I thought it possible that you did not."

"I was not so fortunate."

"I had hoped to prove an alibi."

"Which you could have done, had I not heard the clock strike?"

"Yes, if you hadn't been too closely cross-examined."

"And now you have little hope that he can be saved?"

"As I intimated previously to asking you any questions, things do not look as favorable as I could wish, yet I am not discouraged. All that can be done, I am determined to do, and I trust my efforts will be crowned with success. Before I came to you this evening, I imagined that no motive could incite me to greater exertion, than that which induced me to engage in this undertaking, for the result will throw shade or sunshine over my future prospects in life. But now is added a motive less selfish, though scarcely less strong. Your mother, Miss Hunsdon—my heart bleeds for her. The picture exhibited by her whole attitude, as well as by her mournful, patient face, as with undivided attention she bent over her work, will often rise up before me."

"Aunt Margaret told you the reason of her being thus absorbed?"

"Yes, and the article of dress she was making, will ever to my mind be a consecrated garment."

"When I think that the failure of your efforts to save my father may involve the sacrifice of her life, I am almost tempted to believe that even the crime of perjury might be forgiven—that the end would sanctify the means."

"A sophism, my dear young lady, that I cannot advise you to avail yourself of. The fervor of your looks and manner when a short time since you said 'I will speak the truth,' makes me ashamed of having for a moment suffered my thoughts to glance at the possibility of your polluting your lips with even the shadow of a falsehood."

"If the truth could only be known, I know it would save him."

"It must, and shall be known."

"But if too late?"

"We will hope it will not be. I must go now."

Elvie opened the door communicating with the room where she had left her mother and aunt. The former had finished her work which was lying in her lap. Her folded hands rested upon it, and she started, as if from a dream, when they entered.

"Wont you stay, sir, till the storm is over?" said she. "I can hear it beat against the windows."

"I thank you," he replied, "but I must not stay any longer."

"I don't blame you for going," said she, "it is so dull and gloomy here. It didn't use to be so, when John was at home. In his last letter, he said there was light and peace in his prison, but they are gone from here."

"Your room looks pleasant and cheerful to me," said Stafford.

"That is because you don't miss him. I haven't been to see him yet. The journey is too long and cold, he says. But I shall go. 'Twill be a pleasant surprise to him."

"Do you think it will do for her to go?" said Aunt Margaret, in a low voice to Stafford.

"Does she often speak about it?" he inquired.

"Yes, there's not a day passes, that she doesn't mention it."

"She had better go then."

"That's what Mr. Wingrove says; but the prison is a cold, desolate looking building I've heard, and I am afraid 'twill strike a dread upon her."

"Her home is desolate to her now; the prison will hardly appear more so."

"He is coming home soon," said Matty, as Stafford opened the door to go, "and then you must come again. I went ask you to come before, everything looks so melancholy when he is gone."

Stafford promised that he would call at the time he mentioned, and remarking that he expected to leave town in the morning to be absent more than a week, took leave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ELVIE SUMMONED FROM HOME.

THE following morning the sun rose on a scene of magnificence, such as the wand of the magician never had power to evoke. Every spray seemed hung with pearls and diamonds, among which, when agitated by the wind, glanced golden lights, while the broad expanse of encrusted snow flashed back to the sunbeams a blaze of glory.

It was yet early in the morning, when a letter was brought from the post-office to Elvie, by Joseph Brooks. She saw by the post mark that it came from the town where her father was imprisoned, but the handwriting was not his. With trembling hands she broke the seal, and her agitation was not diminished, when she found it bore the signature of the keeper of the prison, where her father was confined. It said:

"Your father is very unwell, and wishes you to come to him. He says that you may mention this to your aunt, Miss Margaret Brownell, but thinks you had better not tell your mother, as it will cause her much anxiety and uneasiness, and make her wish to accompany you, and he prefers to have her come after he is restored to his usual health. As no public conveyance will leave Hazlehurst to-morrow for this place, a horse and sleigh will be in waiting for you, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at what is called the 'Cross roads,' a place designated by your father. By going there, all anxious inquiries on the part of your mother, in consequence of seeing you leave home with a stranger, will, he says, be prevented."

Her mother had not yet risen, and seeking her aunt, who was busy in the kitchen, she read the letter to her.

"I must go," said she, when she had finished reading it.

"You cannot hesitate. When was the letter written?"

"Yesterday."

"To-day then, at three o'clock, is the time you are to go to the Cross-roads."

"Yes, but I dislike this secrecy."

"So do I."

"It isn't at all like father."

"No, nor would he have thought of such a thing, hadn't it been for his anxiety on poor Matty's account."

"I've been thinking all the morning, that if the weather be as pleasant to-morrow as it is to-day, mother had better go and see him."

"But now, as John expresses a wish to the contrary, it must be put off awhile."

"What will she say, when she finds I don't return to-night?"

"I don't know. If she asks for you, I must excuse your absence as well as I can."

"I don't think that she will question you very closely, her thoughts are so much upon father."

After dinner, Elvie having placed some jellies and other delicacies, such as are generally grateful to an invalid, in a small travelling basket, waited as calmly as she could, till it wanted about twenty minutes of three. She then prepared herself, as if for a walk, and took her basket.

"Where are you going, Elvie?" inquired her mother.

"To see a sick person, who has sent for me."

"She expects to be absent all night," said Aunt Margaret. "You can spare her—can you not?"

"Yes, if she is needed."

"I will return as soon as I can," said Elvie. "Good-by," and she left the house with a heavy heart, though glad that her mother had not been more inquisitive.

The Cross-roads was a place about a quarter of a mile distant. It was a lonely, isolated spot, being screened from those houses which were nearest by a piece of pine woods. When she came in sight of the place, she found the sleigh, to which were harnessed two horses instead of one, was already there.

"Are you the young woman that's to go in the sleigh?" inquired a boy of fifteen, who stood holding the horses.

Replying in the affirmative, she stepped into the sleigh, which being covered, shielded her from the cold air.

"How long will it take us to go?" said Elvie.

"I shouldn't wonder if we didn't get there before midnight," said the boy, taking his place on the forward seat, and starting the horses into a brisk trot.

Dark as was the gloom which hovered around her as a cloud, Elvie could not be wholly insensible to the exhilarating influences of the rapid motion, and keen, frosty air, resonant with the silvery music of the sleigh bells.

The boy did not once look round, or speak, except occasionally to his horses, which were so full of life, that they needed little urging. The evening shadows were gathering, when they drew up to a solitary inn by the wayside. The features of the landscape, through which the road had led for the last five or six miles, had been growing harsher and more rugged, and it would have been difficult to find a wilder, sterner spot, than that which had been selected as the site of this lonely house, known far and wide to those who had occasion to pass that way, as the "Whirlpool Inn." On the sign, however, which to Elvie seemed to creak dismally, as the limb of the tall oak to which it was suspended swayed to the wind, was the common-place inscription of "Entertainment for man and beast, by J. Brentford."

The house had received its more ominous appellation from such near proximity of a whirlpool, from whose waters the white foam, tossed high into the air, could be seen from the road, and whose roar, even amid the raging of the tempest, such as often swept madly down through the deep gorges of the hills which rose in the distance, could be distinctly heard.

The house was a low, rudely built structure, though as might have been seen by the ground it covered, of dimensions sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended.

"We must stop here a spell," said the boy, jumping from the sleigh.

"How long?" inquired Elvie, who felt impatient at any delay.

"Don't know certain. Long enough to eat some supper, I suppose, and to let the horses rest."

Elvie, after stepping from the sleigh to the door-step, hesitated to enter. Not a single woman's face, as she could see through the window, gleamed out from the midst of the bronzed visages of a crowd of men gathered round the fire.

"Why don't you go in?" said the boy.

"The room is full of men."

"Never mind—there's nobody there that'll hurt you. I shall be along, as soon as I see to the horses."

At this moment, the landlord came to the door.

"You'd better walk in, ma'am," said he. "There's a nice fire, and it's cold standing out here."

Though the man's appearance was rough, there was something friendly in the tones of his voice, as well as in his words, which gave her confidence and encouraged her to enter, rather than to return to the sleigh, which she had nearly made up her mind to do, and remain there, till all were again ready to proceed. At the moment of her entrance, her eye fell on a man seated back of the others who had formed a circle round the fire. The room was large, and the only light, except an old candle burning in the bar, was afforded by the fire, which, instead of illuminating the more remote parts, served only to throw back upon them the shadows of those seated round it, so that the features of him who sat apart could not be clearly discerned, though there was something in his general appearance, that reminded her of some one she had seen.

There was a general hush of voices, as Elvie entered, and an elderly man civilly made room for her next himself, at the corner of the fireplace. In a few minutes the conversation which her entrance had interrupted, was resumed, and as she sat with downcast eyes, it suddenly occurred to her, that he whom she had seen seated back of the others, was Robert Decker. Wishing to satisfy herself if she were right in her conjecture, she took the first opportunity to look towards the place where she had seen him, but he was no longer there. As she had heard Decker spoken of only as an associate of Valmont, the thought of his being there caused a kind of vague uneasiness to steal over her, of which, though she did her best to do so, she could not entirely rid herself. She was about to rise and ask the landlord if there were not some more retired room to which she could go, when there was something said that arrested her attention, and induced her to remain where she was.

"Did you notice the young man who left the room a few minutes ago?" said a man whom she had heard addressed by the name of Berrian, to another who sat near him.

"Not particularly. Why do you ask?"

"Because if I'm not mistaken, I saw him at Simpson's a while ago."

"Simpson's? That is at Hazlehurst village, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't it close by Simpson's hotel, where a man was murdered last fall?"

"No, that was near Wait's, some distance above there. I staid at Simpson's the night it happened."

"Did you see John Hunsdon, who was arrested for the murder?" inquired another of the company.

No one but the elderly man who had made room for Elvie in the corner, marked the pallor of her countenance, or the shiver that ran through her frame, at this allusion to her father. He imagined that it was caused by sudden illness, but forbore to inquire, as he saw with what eagerness she regarded Mr. Berrian, as he gave his answer.

"I didn't see him *then*," was his reply, "though I have since. I went to the prison on purpose to see him."

"How long ago?"

"Last evening."

Regardless of what might be thought by those present, the words were already on Elvie's lips to inquire of Mr. Berrian respecting her father's illness, when the landlord looking in at the door, told him that there was some one in the next room, who wished to speak with him. She was impatiently awaiting his return, when supper was announced. The summons appeared to be a pleasant one, for in a few moments she was left alone. She had seen nothing of the boy who had accompanied her thither, since her arrival. He now made his appearance, and asked her if she would like to go into the next room, and eat some supper. She declined, for though faint and weary, her solicitude prevented her having much appetite, and she was glad to be released from the presence of a crowd of men, who without being uncivil, were with two, or three exceptions, of rough exterior, and without any of that natural politeness which arises from goodness of heart joined with delicacy of perception, and which had always raised her father to a level with those of much higher pretensions.

In a minute or two, a pleasant, benevolent-looking woman entered with a small tray, on which was a cup of tea and some apple-pie, that convenient article of food with which a country housewife's cupboard was seldom unsupplied. She placed the tray on a stand, which she drew up close to Elvie.

"I got sight of you, through the open door," said she, "and when I saw that you didn't go in to supper with the rest of 'em, I s'posed it was 'cause you felt kind of bashful about sitting down to the table with such a lot of men, the same as I should, when I was of your age, so I've brought you in some pie and a cup of tea, for you look pale and tired—just as if you needed something that is kind of comforting."

"I do feel the need of something," said Elvie, "and am greatly obliged to you for your thoughtful kindness."

"A little tea, and a piece or two hardly worth thanking a person for. glad to stay and keep you company, cheer up your spirits a little, but I've help me about house, except my dau nah, and it wont do for me to eat any Polly and Betsey, my two oldest gir married, and have families of their ow care of. Now do try and eat as muc as you can. It's tolerably good, if I It's sweetened with maple sugar, as cording to my mind, always gives an first rate flavor."

"It is very good indeed," said Elvi think of nothing I could eat any better

"I s'pose when Ralph Martin is th his supper, you'll start again on your

"Do you mean the boy who came

"Yes. Didn't you know his name

"No, he is a stranger to me. He c from a distant town."

"Well, he's a stranger to me too of us, but he got to chatting with I told her his name."

The landlady, for such she was, as ferred by some remarks which she ma the room. It was not long before s to refill Elvie's cup. Elvie who thou should not have a better opportunit nerate the landlady for a meal which needed, put her hand into her pocket forth her purse.

"I hope you don't think I am me to invite a person to eat, and then t it?" said Mrs. Brentford.

"But you keep a public house," El

"No matter for that. When peo refreshment, I expect 'em to pay, but got down to quite so low a notch, as when I invite 'em. That's the way the tavern over on 'Isabre road, and ford laughs, and calls it a trap to catch ha' pennies."

"I shall remember your kindness,"

"I'm sure, I've done nothing wo being; but, as I was saying to Hann such a sweet, mournful face, I shall u you, if I should live to be as old as M

"The sleigh is ready."

"There's Ralph Martin," said Mrs but I would finish my tea before I we can wait a minute."

"No, I wont make him wait," said E

She again thanked the landlady for ness, who in return wished her a p prosperous journey. As she was st the sleigh, she saw a man on horseb to the door, who though imperfectly d the starlight, reminded her of Edwar As she was about to take her place, some person already occupied a part

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"Yes," he replied. "A gentleman go to the same place you are going t horses can carry three as well as two."

"I will sit on the seat with you, R the man, stepping forward.

The voice was unfamiliar to her, too dark to permit her to do more t that he was muffled in a cloak.

The man who rode up to the door, ment Elvie left, was, as she suspecte Stafford. He entered the bar room, found empty. He threw off his outsic and drew a chair in front of the fire, on the floor, near the corner of the r his right hand, he saw something wi like a letter. He took it up, and found prescribed: "Miss Elvie Hunsdon, H He saw too, by the post-mark, that i sent from the town where her father we As the seal was broken, after a little he decided that it was proper he shou He had just finished its perusal, w three of the men who were through supper, returned to the bar room. O was Mr. Berrian, with whom Stafford ly acquainted. He inquired of him lady had been there that evening.

"There has," was Mr. Berrian's ans was here when I left the room about h ago. She may have gone to some ot the house."

"That must be ascertained," said

"Here comes the landlady, she can

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"She is gone from here," replied th

"How long since?"

"Not much over five minutes."

"Did you hear her say where she wa

"No, but Ralph Martin who drove told my daughter she was going to s lation who was sick."

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"Yes, but it was an odd name, an what it was."

"Elvie Hunsdon—was that it?"

"Yes—strange I couldn't remembe ed to ask her something about the s she was going to see, but she looke hearted, I couldn't say anything to he

Mrs. Brentford now left the room, a took Mr. Berrian aside.

"This is not the road to the town county jail is, I believe?"

"No, it is not," replied Mr. Berria

"I wish you would read this letter tell me what you think of it."

"I can readily tell you one thing Berrian, having finished reading it.

"What is it?"

"John Hunsdon is not sick. I sa evening, and spent an hour with him

"What can you make of all this?"

"I believe the letter was sent her, b from home."

"Do you know of any one, who likely to do such a thing?"

"I believe I do, though at present prefer you should not mention it. I Valmont."

"I've seen him, and I now reco another person I saw at the same t believe was in this room, when I first this evening."

"A little tea, and a piece or two of pie, are hardly worth thanking a person for. I should be glad to stay and keep you company, and try and cheer up your spirits a little, but I've nobody to help me about house, except my daughter Hannah, and it wont do for me to eat any idle bread. Polly and Bessey, my two oldest girls, are both married, and have families of their own to take care of. Now do try and eat as much of the pie as you can. It's tolerably good, if I did make it. It's sweetened with maple sugar, and that, according to my mind, always gives an apple-pie a first rate flavor."

"It is very good indeed," said Elvie. "I can think of nothing I could eat any better."

"I s'pose when Ralph Martin is through with his supper, you'll start again on your journey?"

"Do you mean the boy who came with me?"

"Yes. Didn't you know his name?"

"No, he is a stranger to me. He came for me from a distant town."

"Well, he's a stranger to me too, and to all of us, but he got to chatting with Hannah and told her his name."

The landlady, for such she was, as will be inferred by some remarks which she made, now left the room. It was not long before she returned to refill Elvie's cup. Elvie who thought that she should not have a better opportunity to remunerate the landlady for a meal which she really needed, put her hand into her pocket, and drew forth her purse.

"I hope you don't think I am mean enough to invite a person to eat, and then take pay for it!" said Mrs. Brentford.

"But you keep a public house," Elvie replied.

"No matter for that. When people *call* for refreshment, I expect 'em to pay, but I haven't got down to quite so low a notch, as to take pay when I invite 'em. That's the way they do at the tavern over on 'tother road, and Mr. Brentford laughs, and calls it a trap to catch fourpence-ha' pennies."

"I shall remember your kindness," said Elvie.

"I'm sure, I've done nothing worth remembering; but, as I was saying to Hannah, you've such a sweet, mournful face, I shall never forget you, if I should live to be as old as Methuselah."

"The sleigh is ready."

"There's Ralph Martin," said Mrs. Brentford; "but I would finish my tea before I went. Ralph can wait a minute."

"No, I wont make him wait," said Elvie, rising.

She again thanked the landlady for her kindness, who in return wished her a pleasant and prosperous journey. As she was stepping into the sleigh, she saw a man on horseback ride up to the door, who though imperfectly discerned by the starlight, reminded her of Edward Stafford. As she was about to take her place, she found some person already occupied a part of the seat.

"Some one is here," said she, to the driver.

"Yes," he replied. "A gentleman wishes to go to the same place you are going to, and the horses can carry three as well as two."

"I will sit on the seat with you, Ralph," said the man, stepping forward.

The voice was unfamiliar to her, and it was too dark to permit her to do more than to see that he was muffled in a cloak.

The man who rode up to the door, at the moment Elvie left, was, as she suspected, Edward Stafford. He entered the bar-room, which he found empty. He threw off his outside garment, and drew a chair in front of the fire, when lying on the floor, near the corner of the fireplace at his right hand, he saw something which looked like a letter. He took it up, and found it was superscribed: "Miss Elvie Hunsdon, Hazlehurst." He saw too, by the post-mark, that it had been sent from the town where her father was in prison. As the seal was broken, after a little reflection, he decided that it was proper he should read it. He had just finished its perusal, when two or three of the men who were through with their supper, returned to the bar-room. One of them was Mr. Berrian, with whom Stafford was slightly acquainted. He inquired of him if a young lady had been there that evening.

"There has," was Mr. Berrian's answer. "She was here when I left the room about half an hour ago. She may have gone to some other part of the house."

"That must be ascertained," said Stafford.

"Here comes the landlady, she can tell you."

"There was a young lady here a short time since, I understand," said Stafford. "Where is she now?"

"She is gone from here," replied the landlady.

"How long since?"

"Not much over five minutes."

"Did you hear her say where she was going?"

"No, but Ralph Martin who drove the sleigh, told my daughter she was going to see some relation who was sick."

"Did he tell your daughter her name?"

"Yes, but it was an old name, and I forget what it was."

"Elvie Hunsdon—was that it?"

"Yes—strange I couldn't remember. I wanted to ask her something about the sick relation she was going to see, but she looked so downhearted, I couldn't say anything to her about it."

Mrs. Brentford now left the room, and Stafford took Mr. Berrian aside.

"This is not the road to the town, where the county jail is, I believe?"

"No, it is not," replied Mr. Berrian.

"I wish you would read this letter, and then tell me what you think of it."

"I can readily tell you one thing," said Mr. Berrian, having finished reading it.

"What is it?"

"John Hunsdon is not sick. I saw him last evening, and spent an hour with him."

"What can you make of all this?"

"I believe the letter was sent her, to entice her from home."

"Do you know of any one, who would be likely to do such a thing?"

"I believe I do, though at present, I should prefer you should not mention it. His name is Valmont."

"I've seen him, and I now recall to mind another person I saw at the same time, who I believe was in this room, when I first came here this evening."

"Whom did you think it was?"

"An acquaintance of this Valmont. His name is Robert Decker, who was here when she came."

"Whether he is the person you saw here tonight or not, can be easily settled, I apprehend. Mr. Brentford, step this way, if you please."

"What is your will, gentlemen?" the landlord said, complying with Stafford's request.

"I wish to ask you," said Stafford, "if there is a man here, by the name of Robert Decker?"

"No, but there has been."

"And where is he now?"

"He went away in the sleigh with Ralph Martin, and a young girl you saw here, Mr. Berrian, before supper."

"I think you are right," said Mr. Berrian to Stafford, when they were again by themselves. "Valmont is at the bottom of this. Whatever his intentions are, with regard to Miss Hunsdon, they cannot be good, and should be defeated."

"They must be, and to accomplish it, they must be pursued. Will you go with me, Mr. Berrian?"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THINK OF ME.

BY M. I. W. CURRIER.

Think of me, dearest, when night has come,
And shadowed the bright green earth,
When earthly feelings have fled from thy soul,
And heavenly thoughts have birth,
Then think thou of me.

Think of me too when thy heart is sad,
When the world looks most cheerless and drear,
When thy dark, sparkling orbs grow restless and dim,
Or suffused with the bright, pearly tear,
Then think thou of me.

But not when thy heart beats proudly and high,
Would I ask you to then think of me;
But when a soft voice would console thy lone heart,
Then, dear one, remember thou me.
O, then think of me.

When sorrow is yours, then, then would I stand
In the place of a dear, cherished friend,
And strive with thy darkness at every lone hour,
Life's brightness and beauty to blend,
Then think thou of me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

UPS AND DOWNS:

—OR,—

A YANKEE IN FOREIGN LANDS.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

SOME years since, I found myself in Coquimbo, on the coast of Chili. While lounging one fine afternoon on the quay, I observed a man-of-war's barge, pulled by sixteen men in full navy rig, approaching. An awning was spread, a pennant at the bow denoted the presence of a captain, and in the stern sheets were a party of Chilian officers. Brilliant were they in gold lace and aiguiets, and apparently very well pleased with their general *get up*.

"Way enough!" The oars were tossed, the bowman jumped out, a plank was laid, and "las oficiales" stepped ashore. Two of them were evidently Spaniards, but the third was a Yankee, I could have sworn; and as I looked at him, his features seemed to wake up some long-forgotten memory, till at last a peculiar motion of his hand brought like a flash the name—"Harry Barnham!"

"Por Dios! Why Fred, my dear boy, where did you spring from?"

"There is my home," said I, pointing to our barkey at anchor; "but what does all this lace and finery portend? You are now—"

"El Commandante Enrico Barnham, in the service of the Chilian Republic, and your most humble servant to command."

"Ah, Harry, the same rattle-brain still! But we have not met since we left old Thresher's school; do you remember him?"

"Remember him? Shall I ever forget that ebony ferule, or his bread and butter, as he had the impudence to call that lard of his?"

"No, my boy; nor his grapes, and the pretty daughter Alice, hey?"

"No more of that, Fred; it's a sore point yet with me. But come, take a cigar and a cup of chocolate, at the *Pharoux* here, and this evening you shall accompany me to the governor's ball."

We took seats, and at my request he gave me his history for the past ten years; how he ran away from home, shipped in a whaler, abandoned her at sea with twelve feet of water in her hold, was picked up by an English man-of-war, served a year, and obtained his discharge in Calcutta, worked his way up to be mate of an opium clipper, cast away on the Malay coast, and found himself the sole survivor of the crew, with a brilliant prospect of being starved to death, or cut to pieces by the natives; discovered by them, and for a miracle spared, lived with them a year, took to himself a wife, shaved his head and became a follower of the "Prophet," till rescued one day by an American ship, bound to Chili. Here he found a friend of his father, who procured him a midd'y's warrant, had the good fortune to rescue the governor from a mob during a riot, was at once promoted, and had become a captain in five years, had the command of the corvette in the bay, was the accepted suitor for the hand of the governor's niece, who owned two or three silver mines and no end to haciendas, and in short was the happiest dog in the Pacific.

"Phew! Well, Harry," I exclaimed, taking a long breath after this recital, "for one young man's life, I should think that might do. Whether you presume I belong to that illustrious corps, the marines, or not, I can't say; but—"

"My dear fellow, it's all gospel truth; see for yourself. Come, we will take a drive of a league or two, and I will show you my intended."

"But my rig! They will mistake me for your valet;" and I glanced at my short jacket.

"O, that I can easily remedy. Here, Muchacha! pen and ink," he wrote a note; "this to my coxswain. *Presto!*"

In a short half hour the man returned, with a sailor bearing a portmanteau containing a complete suit of black, and clean linen.

"There, Fred, we are of a size; come, no ceremony, but up to a room and bend these togs, and then ho for my pretty Lupa, bless her little sky scrapers! My last cruise has been two months, and a sight of her will be as welcome as the sea breeze in a calm."

I accompanied a servant to a room, not yet fully conscious of the reality of all this. Why, the fellow talked the senses out of me—whew, what a tongue! And this was really Harry Burnham, my old room-mate at school! why, it was a perfect romance. Well, he was always a *go ahead:* and while I deliberated on any piece of mischief, and weighed the pros and cons, he rushed in, carried his object by a *coup de main*, bore all the blame, and shared the proceeds. And as for love, why he flirted with half the girls in the neighborhood, and ended by running away with Alice, old Thresher's daughter; but his chaise breaking down, he was overtaken, brought ignominiously back, horsewhipped most unmercifully, and shut up on bread and water for a week; but before half the time expired, he escaped no one knew how, and went no one knew where. This was the last I had heard of him, till our strange rencontre on the shores of the Pacific.

Dressed, I went down, but not finding my friend in the coffee-room, I walked out on the quay, and discovered him caning an intoxicated sailor, one of his crew. "Just to work out the *cazash*," said he; "the villains they impose on my good nature."

Taking a volante, we were soon out of the city, and winding around the harbor, struck back into the country some dozen miles, when we reached San Salvador, and before us was the "Palacio del Gobiendor," a large stone building of handsome design, very spacious, and situated in the midst of a magnificent park in the English style.

We were shown into the sala, and immediately surrounded by a half dozen little muchachas, who welcomed my friend with great glee, eyeing me the while distrustfully from the corners of their large black eyes. In a moment the door opened, and a girl of sixteen half rushed towards Harry with a "Querido Enrico!" when observing me, she paused and greeted us with cordial but more constrained welcome.

She was indeed all that my friend had pictured her, and I did not wonder at his anxiety to escape from his ship.

"My old schoolmate, Lupa;" and he ran over our old acquaintance, and late meeting, as he presented me.

"Mira, es cosa miuy estrana (dear me, it is very strange), but you are very welcome, sir, as Henry's friend."

"Estrella mia, you grow more beautiful each day; but where is your sister? We must see if the stately Isabelle cannot enchain my quiet friend; if we could keep him, I should be indeed happy. With you, Lupa, and my old schoolfellow, I should never care to leave Chili more. Yet I must own, Fred, that thoughts of my native land will at times obtrude themselves; yet in truth I have nothing now at home to draw me towards it. No, *here* is my home, for I have no kin left."

Isabelle now appeared! Like a princess she entered the room, and yet with all the sweetness and affability of the little Lupa. A majestic figure, with a face that poets and artists might go mad in contemplating, eyes and hair of jet black, and a gait that united the majesty of the swan with the lightness and grace of an aerial being—this was Isabelle! She greeted us in English; and we soon fell into conversation, and drawing apart, left Harry undisturbed to his dulcinea. She was a most superior girl, of high intellect, and a longing for knowledge, more than could be gained in her limited sphere. I found her as insane on many points as myself, and the time flew rapidly.

"Valga mi Dios! Don Federico," said the clear voice of Lupa, "you have certainly charmed my staid Isabelle! 'Tis time to prepare for the balle—come;" and the saucy jade tripped off.

"Are you a believer now, Fred, or do you still doubt?"

"Doubt? yes, my own senses; but Harry, is this senora still free or—"

"Free, my boy? free as air. Why, till this evening, none hereabouts have been able to engage the haughty Isabelle, even in conversation, for an hour; but I suppose you two get on famously together, with your art, and all that."

"Nonsense, Harry; I am pleased with the lady, and I own our tastes are in common, and I think I shall remain in Coquimbo while the ship goes down the coast. Copper, you know, is now scarce, and—"

"Copper! stuff! Beauty, my boy, is not in this region, at least. Stay, of course! Come, own you are fascinated; and if you were not, why you would be a most blind wretch. There, I accept your apology. Yes, Jose, this gentleman and myself in adjoining rooms," to the major domo who had drawn nigh; "and Fred, we will adonize a little before the guests arrive."

The ball passed off, as balls usually do; much dancing, flirting in the corners, gossip in the corridors, ices and *dulces* in the saloon, a walk on the plaza with *the one*, and "Adios hasta Manana."

Two months flew by. My ship had sailed long since for Valparaiso, and deep, very deep had I fallen in love's young dream. My days were passed in San Salvador, and a good share of my nights also, when one fatal morning a portentous looking epistle, sealed with black, was handed me. It had been sent up from Valparaiso by my captain. How both we often are to break a seal, and especially a *black* one! I scrutinized the direction; it was in a cramped, lawyer like hand, and perfectly unknown to me. The post-mark was New York, and gave no clue. At last I did what I should have done at first—opened it; and lo, I was an orphan! My father had deceased, his business was in a very unsettled state, my young brothers and sisters were without proper guardians, and my father's lawyer wrote me to return at once. With this was a line from my captain, very characteristic of him as a thorough American:

"DEAR STANHOPE:—We sail this day week. If you have any intention of returning, you must post down the coast; if, as they say, you really intend to merge into a miserable Chilian, you have the prayers of JAMES BOUCHY."

I was half mad with grief and disappointment; but of course no alternative presented itself, and leaving my letter from home as an excuse, I started at once, and as the family were away for a day or two, was spared the agony of adieus. As I passed through the salon for the last time, and lingered in the window-seat where I had passed so many sweet hours with one I might never more see, I beheld a glove, tiny as the hand it covered, and still retaining the form, lying on the floor; seizing it, I rushed from the room, and sprang into the saddle. In a week, I was bowling out of Valparaiso in my old ship, and as the lofty peak of Point Conception faded away in the distance, bade farewell to Chili, my heart and thoughts meanwhile far away in San Salvador. * * * * * *

Once at home, the calls of business and cares of my family diverted my mind from these thoughts, till one morning, some eight months after my return, in glancing over the paper, my eye fell on an article headed, "Revolution in Chili." With eager dismay, I read of a Pronunciamento, the flight of the president, a series of battles, the final success of the insurgents, and a proclamation from the new government against all foreigners in the employ of the late powers, etc. Here *was* a blow! I posted at once to the Chilian consul; he ratified the news, but referred me to the minister for particulars. I stayed not till I reached Washington. Alas! my fears were realized. Don Geronimo Alvara, the uncle of my Isabelle, was deposed from his government; but his life was spared through the influence of the troops with whom he was a great favorite. Of Harry, he knew nothing. I wrote at once to Coquimbo, renewing my vows, and praying the intelligence of their position. Months passed, and at last an answer reached me. I tore it open and found a line from the Don, written at the request of his niece. He begged to inform "El Senor Stanhope" that they were well, etc, and wound up by a string of Spanish compliments, that evidently meant "no answer expected." Here was also a blow; well, it was only another proof of woman's inconstancy.

I smothered my anger, settled my affairs, and went abroad. Italy and Germany seemed, I knew not why, to have lost their charm. I tried the overland route, and midst the deserts and tawny Arabs found a *new sensation*. Two years I passed in the East; at last I tired. One day at Singapore, I observed a vessel bound to the Sandwich Islands. This interested me. I will try these islands of the Pacific; here must be tranquillity and content; here one can dream away life, amid groves of palms and wondrous coral reefs, and at least find none whom you have ever known. Three months over a summer sea, fanned by the constant trades; this was the poetry of ocean life, the luxury of sailing!

One morning, as day was breaking, a blue hazy cloud that seemed to join sky and ocean, became more clearly defined, and the cry of "land ho!" from the mast head, proclaimed the mountains of Lahaina. At first, we could see nothing from the deck; but as the day wore on, we began to discern the lofty palm trees, and the white sands. And now we were close to the mouth of the harbor, and a canoe pulled by a half-dozen natives dashed alongside, and we received a "king's pilot," and by sundown our anchor rumbled down in the clear waters of the bay, startling, no doubt, the mermaids from their toilet. And there was no enchanma, but a town, with its groves and pretty white cottages with thatched roofs nestling amidst these. A score of native boats surrounded us, and one of them soon landed me on the beach, from whence I found my way to the hotel of Madame L——, where I purposed a sojourn.

In the morning, a boy brought me a highly enamelled card, its surface a strange contrast to the singular inscription it bore, "Alii Binomo," and surmounting it a coronet of feathers—civilization and savagery, I thought, nicely blended.

"And who gave you this?" I queried, for to me it was all Greek.

"Alii Binomo," he replied.

"And who is Alii Binomo? But show *it* up. I'll trust to luck for the gender."

The door opened, and before me stood—Harry Burnham! Rushing up to me, he began:

"Ah, Fred, I saw your name among the arrivals. That ship desired me to bring you to the palace to dine. Now my *pallcy* is at the door, and as we go, we can talk over old times."

"Now, Mr. Harry," said I, when I could speak, "you may think this very pleasant to drop in on me with your kings, as you did at Coquimbo, with a captain's commission and a friend in the governor; but till you explain how all this has come about, and why you haunt my footsteps in every quarter of the globe, not one step do I stir. So proceed; first set down and take a glass of wine."

He laughed. "It is strange, I own; but I have been prepared for your arrival, as I saw your name in a Singapore paper among the passengers of the Cadmus, and received said paper by a ship that has beaten your passage a week. As for myself, I have indeed seen many vicissitudes since we parted; but I have become used to them, and do not think I should be happy to live a humdrum life. If I am spared a few years, I shall publish my life, and entitle it the 'New Baron Munchausen.'"

"But first, Harry, tell me of Isabelle."

"She is now, *mon cher*, a wife and mother, and her *estrangeros* is a fat old hidalgo, with no more poetry in him than there is in one of his coach horses."

I sighed, and pulled out the glove I had so long cherished.

"Ha, ha," laughed my friend, "that, I suppose, must have once covered the hand of 'Carissima Isabelle?'"

"Yes."

"Well, it will now do capitally for ball patches in the pistol gallery. But to my yarn. We were all much surprised and grieved at your sudden departure, and for weeks your duenna was perfectly inconsolable. At length she became calm; not so the country. The long threatened political storm burst; I was ordered on board, tore myself away, and sailed for Valparaiso. It was my last meeting with the family. The insurgents were successful, as you must have heard; and as my friend was driven from his position, I of course expected what I soon heard, namely, my dismissal from command, but was not prepared for the next step, which was a price on my head. This little gratuitous piece of kindness I owed to a pudgy young man, who had seldom aspired to Lupa's hand, and who was now high in favor with the powers that be.

"Now, as I had a most sincere affection for the girl, I determined to risk my *caput*, and accordingly landed at Coquimbo—alas, too late! Lupa had entered a convent, taken the veil, and was now lost to me forever! I had a narrow escape with my life, but at last got on board an American ship bound to California, and was landed in San Francisco penniless.

"For weeks I lived on my wits, and very poor living it was, I assure you. At last I thought of the drama, found a willing manager, and made a successful debut, received an engagement and strutted my hour, as though born to the sock and buskin. A year since, I heard of an opportunity of engaging the 'Theatre Royal,' Honolulu. With a troupe of artists, I came over here, secured the house, re-painted and re-decorated it, and opened to a fine audience. Was sent for to the royal box; the king and family were delighted. Everything went on well, when the small pox broke out in the next street. Not a soul would come near the house. I closed; the king missed his amusement, and sent for me.

"'Binomo, why do you not play longer? You please me much.'

"'Illustrious majesty, I am overwhelmed with gratitude, but your subjects lack the royal taste, and will not brave the sickness. My funds are exhausted.'

"'You are poor?'

"'Very, please your highness.'

"'Um!' his majesty reflected. 'Should you like to be a soldier—an officer?'

"'To serve you, my lord—yes.'

"'Good! You are commander of our artillery from this day. I will sign your commission.'

"'A thousand thanks; and the pay, my liege?' I am not mercenary, but would fain live in a manner becoming your dignity.'

"'Seventy dollars a month and six horses, with rations.'

"I accepted his offer at once. I found my command comprised seven field pieces, and some sixty dilapidated guns in the forts. I went to work with interest, and soon had the artillery in a state that astonished the king. A theatre was built in the palace, and twice a week we had performances. One night I was to play 'Charles II.' when Prince Alexander came to me.

"'You have royal robes, Binomo?'

"'Yes, prince.'

"'Wear them to-night; my father desires it.'

"This was of course a command. The part certainly did not demand such costume; but what of that, when royalty desires a slight discrepancy? I dressed as they wished. At night, the king came behind.

"'Binomo, you have played well; your dress is superb. I shall have my state robes made by the pattern!'

"I thanked him duly. As we stood, a large painting of Mammon was in view of the king. He looked at it with drunken gravity, for you know Kamehama has a native taste for aqua vitæ. At last he spoke:

"'There's a king,' pointing to the picture. 'You're a king, and *I'm* a king; let's us three take a drink! Binomo,' he continued, 'I love you. Your enemies have tried to injure you; now I will place you above them.'

"He drew his sword. I knelt, and in the presence of the princes, he dubbed me 'Binomo Alii.' This is the highest grade of nobility. '*Alii*,' is a simple chief; '*Alii*,' a high chief, and '*Alii!*' the title of the king. In addition, he promoted me to the colonelcy of his Life Guards, and endowed me with the land and house of 'Kalloou.'"

To what I was indebted for this freak, I do not know. Whether in his drunken state, he made this move, and with his usual obstinacy *would* not change his mind when sober, or whether he really wished to advance me, has always been a mystery. However, that I am Alii, Colonel of the Guards; that I *do* possess Kalloou, with 1200 acres of land, and some five hundred natives that go with the soil, is simple truth. Now wonder; for it is proper to do so."

I was presented to Kamehama, and found him a very social old chap, with a great fondness for a jovial European, which probably accounted for my friend's advancement. I passed three months most pleasantly at Honolulu, a portion of the time at Harry's country seat.

As summer approached, I wished for change, and determined to again re-visit my native land. I accordingly engaged a passage in a clipper schooner. My friend endeavored to dissuade me; but finding it of no avail, half loaded the vessel with yams, cocoa-nuts, large rich bunches of bananas, and oranges without number, all the produce of his domain, and with a hearty kindness bade me farewell. A short run carried us over, whence I returned to New York by the isthmus.

I have just received an epistle from Harry—the first since I left him a year ago. Here is an extract:

"You have heard of my poor old friend's death (the king). The prince at once superseded me in my command, and as I knew his enmity towards me, I thought best to leave the ungrateful scoundrel to his fate, and here I am in San Francisco, almost *dead broke*. I hear an expedition to Japan is in progress; if possible, I shall ship."

This is my last news from Harry; but I am convinced that if at some future period we gain admittance to *Jeddo*, Harry Burnham will be found a minister, or grand potentate at the Japanese Court, hand in glove with the "*brother of the Sun*."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A DREAM.

BY I. W. CANTON.

The night was fair, the gentle winds
Came sighing o'er my head;
And in their cadence seemed to sigh
A requiem o'er the dead.

I laid me down upon my bed,
And tried in vain to sleep;
For silently the tears rolled down
My pale and careworn cheek.

At length sweet slumber closed my eyes,
And to my restless brain
There came bright visions of the past,
Bright hopes to cheer again.

There stood beside my little bed
The idol of my youth,
The being whom I fondly thought
Was heaven, virtue, truth.

He clasped my hands within his own,
And placing on my cheek
A kiss so warm, I almost thought
Past days had come, so sweet.

I started from my restless sleep,
With a wild, joyous scream;
But ah! the treasured one had fled,
'Twas nothing but a dream.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BELT OF WAMPUM.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

Among the many legends I had the good fortune to hear from the lips of the old Indian, who, a year or two since favored our settlement with a visit while on a pilgrimage from the far west to the forests and prairies which had once been the hunting grounds of his fathers, none interested me more than his account of the feud which years ago existed between his people and a neighboring tribe of red men.

I wish I could repeat the legend in the lofty, impassioned style of the old Chippeway, but an attempt to do so would be futile; and my readers will understand how greatly the interest of the tale will be diminished, by the manner in which it is related.

Of the bitter hatreds and jealousies his people had ever cheri-shed for their neighbors, said the old Indian, none had been so inveterate and absorbing as that which was felt for their brethren, the Hurons. The feud had its origin in the rivalry of the two young and beautiful wives of a mighty chief whose hunting grounds stretched from the Great Waters to the bay of Manitou. The chief was an old man and childless when he brought the young squaws to the wigwams he had built for them, and he promised to her who should first bare him a son, the sacred belt of wampum, which, it was believed, the mighty Manitou had given to the mother of the red man, and that her boy should sit in the lodge of his father, when the old chief went to the spirit-land. But, unfortunately for the old man and his people, on the same morning came the two young squaws to the wigwam of her lord, and placed upon the furs on which he reclined, each, her babe; and the two bright-eyed, dark-haired boys were equally healthy and promising.

Bitterly then the old man repented his promise; and his heart murmured: "Better that my people had been conquered by their enemies, than that their old chief should cause dissension among them!" But he hid his grief in his heart, and spoke kindly and hopefully to the women; and taking the little boys in his arms, he stretched the same great hand over the heads of both; and while a real peace succeeded to that forced calmness, he said in a prophetic tone, that the warring winds should aid those young saplings to bent each other to the earth, and that the sun would help them to drink up the dew and the rain, each from the other; but as they had but one root, so, when many moons had passed away, should they lift but one summit to the sky.

The young squaws, however, heard not the words of the chief, nor observed the kindliness of the regard he bent upon his children. Regardless of his presence, they stood with eyes distended, and lips apart, glaring upon each other with the ferocity of wolves. There was no look of triumph on the face of either, only implacable hatred and revenge were there. Each was sensible that she could claim nothing that her rival was not entitled to; and without extending her hand for the belt of wampum, or making a request for her boy, the young mothers silently took their babes and returned to their wigwams. Time passed away. The old chief, too feeble longer to lead forth his people to war, sat in his wigwam, smoking the peace pipes his sons had fashioned and ornamented with the eagle feathers they had scaled the precipices to gain, wrapping himself in the warm, rich furs, and feasting on the tender meats his boys had taken in the chase. His eye was darkened, and his ear was heavy, and he failed to perceive that though the youths were not destitute of filial affection, *rivalry* and hatred for each other, as much as anxiety for his comfort, excited them to such deeds of daring as distinguished them among the boldest hunters of the tribe. And their father gave his blessing equally to both, and the rival wives could not complain; for no sooner had one sat down on the turf beneath the oak tree which sheltered the lodge of her husband, and began to chant a song in praise of her boy, than the name of her rival's son, joined to some deed of prowess, would fall on her ear, and palsy her tongue. So the old man knew not what discord was in his family, and slowly and gently, as if borne in the arms of peace and love, he passed away to the land of the blest.

Seven days and nights sat the rival wives in the wigwam of the dead, tasting but the morsel of food necessary to support existence, and uttering their loud lamentations; but their eyes were not so blinded by tears that they did not see the handsome belt of wampum which the old chief had hungon the wall of his lodge when he brought home his young wives, and which had been designed for a present for one of them: nor their thoughts so entirely buried with the dead, that they forgot the council had met to deliberate which of the two sons of the old chief should lead forth the tribe to the chase and to war. Yet neither dared stretch forth her hand to that coveted belt, nor carry to the council a plea in favor of her son; but on the evening of the seventh day of the mourning of the women, and the deliberations of the men, when no signs of the termination of either appeared, Ojibway, one of the two rival youths, armed with his war club and his hatchet, entered the wigwam where his mother sat, with her garment disarranged and her hair dishevelled, and seizing the belt of wampum, bound it about her waist, and leading her forth from the lodge, he confronted the band of braves, who, fearing some mischief, had risen from the council, and followed him to the wigwam.

Some admired the daring courage of Ojibway, and arranged themselves about him; and others, sympathizing with Huron in his disappointment and rage, drew near him, silently; but their brows were clouded and their hands clutched. The two parties thus formed, were very nearly equal, both in numbers and strength, and all were armed with their war clubs, for it had been expected that the termination of the affair would not be bloodless; but the good sense of the old men, for the time, prevailed, and one after another dropped his weapons to the earth, and stood with folded arms; and the rival youths, after one glance at each other, the meaning of which was unmistakable, simultaneously stretched forth their hands, the one towards the west and the other towards the east.

"When three moons shall have passed away, my people!" said Huron to the band who had gathered around him, "your chief shall sit in the lodge of his father!"

"Short time for the crow to usurp the nest of the eagle!" said Ojibway.

And so they parted; but neither of the two youths ever returned to the lodge of his father. The smoke from the wigwam of Ojibway rolled up through the feathery branches of the tall evergreens which bordered the beautiful Chippeway, or, as the young chief and his people called it, the Ojibway; while Huron, believing he should thus secure to himself the favor of the Great Spirit, built for himself and his mother a dwelling on one of the Manitou islands. No nearer than on the very confines of their hunting-grounds were the cabins erected, lest, so the young chiefs declared, the smoke from their wigwams should mingle. But fearful were the struggles between the two tribes which were called after the names of their leaders, and well sustained were they on both sides. At fearful cost, however, to the chiefs; for as it was an understanding among the two nations, that should the family of either chief become extinct, the people would again be united, the concentrated effort of each tribe was exerted for the extermination of the family of its rival.

Again and again was a prisoner of war, whose heart grew soft at the dreadful death with which he was threatened, sent back to his people with the weight of a solemn promise of treason to his chief, resting on his soul; and the straying pappoose was pierced through the heart by an arrow, no one knew from whose bow shot; and the canoe of the young squaw, which her husband had seen her, with gay song and merry laugh, guiding up the stream, came floating idly down the current, while the joy and the hope of the young chief returned no more forever.

Many handsome braves were born both to Ojibway and Huron, yet neither left but one descendant, and the fate of their successors was no better than their own.

* * * * *

So many moons had passed away, that the Indians no longer told their nunaber; but that belt of wampum still hung in the wigwam of the Ojibway chief, and still the Hurons fought for it with unabated ardor.

The present chief of the last mentioned tribe was a young man, the tallest, handsomest and bravest, so even his enemies admitted, who could be found in the whole country between the Big Sea Water and the land of the Siberians; and he and his people confidently expecting to obtain a final victory over their enemies; and for the first time during their existence as a separate tribe, the heart of the Ojibways softened.

Their chief was an old man, and feeble from grief as well as age, and though when he spoke it was the voice of Manitou to which his people listened, his words gave them no encouragement. Since his two sons, still but boys, had fallen beside him in battle, and the hopes of the old chief could rest only in a fair and beautiful daughter, another spirit seemed to have entered into the heart of the once brave warrior.

"Ojibway has buried his head in his blanket," he said to his people when they had entreated him to lead them forth to meet their enemies, "but the voice of the Great Spirit has reached him. The old man will die in his wigwam, and the belt of wampum he has bound around his daughter, will be given to the bride of the young Huron."

But when the young and gentle Mee no na suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from her father's wigwam, the old man rose from the earth, and, as if the weight of years had been lifted from his shoulders, stood erect among his people, and such a look had come over that calm, passionless face, that the fiercest and most savage of his tribe dared not lift their eyes to his countenance, much less endeavor by their words to incite him to deeds of vengeance.

Most likely he had, for the moment, forgotten the prophecies he had uttered, or, as wise men have sometimes failed to understand their own predictions, saw not how his words might agree.

"The Ojibway has said it," muttered the old Indian: "when Mee-no-na goes to the land of the blest, she travels not alone; the Huron walks by her side and bears for her the furs and the wampum her people have given her. The old men of the two tribes shall watch the death-fires together, for anger and hatred for each other shall dwell in their hearts no more forever."

And the old warrior took down from the wall of his wigwam the charmed bow which the chief of his people could bend but once in his whole lifetime, and the sacred arrow which was never drawn at a venture; and motioning to his braves that they were not to follow him, walked forth from his lodge to meet the young chief of the Hurons. His warriors looked doubtfully and inquiringly on each other, repenting the deception they had suffered to be practised on their good chief; since, instead of inciting him to lead them forth to meet their enemies, it had only led him to expose himself to danger; but the wily Kenabeek, a young, smooth tongued brave, who had aspired to the hand of the beautiful Mee-no-na, and who, though his suit had been rejected by both her father and herself, felt confident of final success, at length broke the silence.

"Shall we see the young sapling whose branches might stretch far and wide till they overspread the hunting ground of our people," he said, "uptorn by the roots; and sit beneath the naked boughs of the old oak which can no longer shield us from the sun and the rain, till the whirlwind shall dash it upon our heads?"

Seven days and seven nights passed, and the warriors assembled again at the lodge of Ojibway. There was a mixture of joy and grief on their countenances; for there could be no doubt now but the old chief had gone to the kingdom of the blest, and the following day a new chief was to be chosen; but as the fire was kindled, and the first notes of the death song rose on the quiet air, the old Indian stood among them.

No one asked of his journey, but every one saw that though he thirsted no more for vengeance, grief sat heavily in his heart; and the Indians dispersed silently to their dwellings. Some days after, they learned, from the lips of a bard, and the story was heard with rejoicing, how the old chief and the Huron had met.

When the good Ojibway went forth from his lodge, so said the bard, the hand of Manitou smoothed the path for his stumbling fet; and on the seventh day of his journey, as the sun was sinking in the west, the old man saw, within stretch of his feeble arm, the form of his enemy, reclining upon the earth, in undisturbed repose.

Well knew Ojibway how unequal the contest between him and the young man must be, but he scorned to take advantage of the situation of his enemy; and he uttered the fierce war whoop while yet his bow hung by his side. The Huron started up, grasping his mighty war club, and echoing that wild cry in such a deep, sonorous voice, that, the bard declared, the forest swayed to and fro, as if a whirlwind was sweeping past; and then cleared, at a single bound, the space which divided him from his enemy.

For a moment the two warriors gazed in silence on each other's countenances; the one with feeling of veneration and respect, and the other, who saw no guilt in the handsome face before him, with an affection almost paternal.

"My father!" exclaimed the Huron, at length, and he flung his war club from him with such force that it buried itself in the earth; and the old chief, turning his face towards the setting sun, shot the last of the sacred arrows—the gift of the first Ojibway to his people—towards the west. The bow snapped asunder as the shaft sped through the air, and though for many and many a year after, the hunter sought that sacred arrow, it was never found.

The wars of the two tribes were ended, and the chiefs sat down upon the ground together, and gathering up the red clay, fashioned peace pipes, the fumes of which went up together, till the evening star looked down from the sky and the whippoorwill sang from the depths of the forest. And then Ojibway thought of the lost Mee-no-na, and her bright eyes, and her voice so low and sweet, and the old man's lips quivered as he spoke of her to the Huron. The young chief gave no answer to the father's words, he only laid aside his pipe and listened; but when the old man, worn out with his long journey and his grief, wound his blanket around him and slept, the Huron sprang to his feet, and never did deer more swiftly fly from his pursuer, than did the young man from the side of Ojibway.

When the old chief rose with the sun the next morning, he was surprised but not alarmed, to find himself alone. He could and did believe he had been mistaken in the character of that young man, and could anything have consoled him for the loss of his daughter, and the speedy extinction, as he thought, of his family, it had been the knowledge that his people would have the brave Huron for their chief instead of the artful and wicked Kenabeek, who aspired to become their leader.

Silently, it has been said, the Indians dispersed to their dwellings, on the return of the old chief to his lodge, though Kenabeek wished to have a consultation with them. The course he had taken to incite Ojibway to renew the war with the Hurons, namely, the abduction of his daughter, had never fully met with their approbation; and when they looked on that gloomy, sorrowful countenance he had brought back to his now desolate lodge, his people bitterly regretted that he had suffered such wrong, but Kenabeek had declared that the place of Mee-no-na's concealment should become her grave should his treachery be revealed to her father; and the threat stopped every mouth.

It was on the evening her father returned to the lodge, that the gentle Mee no-na, looking out from the rocky cavern where she had been placed by the wicked Kenabeek, and thinking of the morrow, which, she was assured by her captor, would be the commencement of what was far more terrible to her than the captivity she was now enduring, and revolving in her mind which would be preferable, a union with that base man, or a leap down that fearful precipice before her, and a plunge in the dark stream at its base, when the light, quick dash of oars fell on her ear. It was not the canoe of Kenabeek, nor was it the hand of an Ojibway which piled the oar, her practised ear well enough knew.

Like a winged arrow the canoe shot forward, and Mee no na saw in the bright moonlight the tall, dancing feathers, the strings of wampum, and the rich bracelets of a stranger chief. She started back into the cave, but not soon enough to escape the glance of the stranger. That glittering belt of wampum, and the beautiful form which he had been told it encircled, had, at length, met his gaze; and the young chief of the Hurons, mooring his canoe, sped up the precipice, and stood at the entrance of the cave.

A single glance at that noble, handsome countenance showed the young maiden she had nothing to fear; and when his voice, soft and sweet as the song of the spring bird, told of his friendship with the old Ojibway, and his power to love so gentle and beautiful a being as fame had said Mee-no-na to be; and how, believing the good Manitou could not have called one so young and lovely to the spirit land, for seven days and nights he had sought for her to ask her to become his wife. The young girl, trembling and blushing, came forward and stood beside him, and soft as the gentlest wind sigh were her words.

"The canoe of the wicked Kenabeek is on the stream. The Ojibway will give his daughter to him who will deliver her from the power of the base man, and carry her to the lodge of her father; and Mee no na could love her deliverer."

The young Kenabeek was a brave warrior, and the pride and boast of his tribe, though he was feared and hated rather than loved. His fame had reached the Huron, and the young chief was glad that his rival would be no mean antagonist; and after one glance of deep affection at the maiden, he disappeared over the edge of the precipice.

Mee-no-na listened, but the shout of defiance and the answering savage yells, might, could anything do so, have waked the dead. The contest was brief, but fearful. There was a heavy plash in the water, and then the death chant rose up loud and wild on the evening air.

Silent and sad on that night, sat the old Ojibway in his wigwam. His head was bowed to the ground, and his thoughts had gone, and his life seemed passing to the land of spirits; but as the daylight dawned in the east, a low, sweet voice called him back to earth, and his darling Mee-no-na and the brave Huron stood before him, with their hands joined together, and love and joy beaming from their countenances.

And then the old chief saw how the prophecies he had uttered should be fulfilled; and he rose up from the earth and blessed his children, and before many days had passed away, the old men of the two rival tribes repeated that blessing, buried their war clubs and their hatchets, and smoked the calumet together. So that long severed trunk at length lifted one summit to the sky, and beneath its strong branches and ever verdant foliage, the red men, thanking the Great Spirit that he had not forgotten his children, remembered no more old jealousies and wrongs, but studied together the art of peace.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LETTER NO. III.

London, April 18, 1856.

Mr. Ballou:—We have had a very disagreeable spell of March weather for the last few days. Walking about has been out of the question, and so we have stayed in doors until yesterday, when we had the misfortune to break a huge pane of window-glass, and straightway old Boreas walked into our parlor, making himself decidedly at home. Finding his company at last insufferable, we sent for a glazier, and while repairs were going on, took a promenade through Regent Street.

It was my first walk through that renowned quarter, and I did not bring away very pleasant reminiscences, nor should I very much regret it, if I never chance to see it again. It seems to me a modern Vanity Fair. Through the whole extent of the street, the windows, many of them only a single immense plate of glass, are perfectly filled with elegant and costly articles of dress, plate, jewelry and upholstery. The pavement was crowded with ladies, and the street so full of carriages, dashing along careless of foot passengers, that it was almost impossible to cross. To me the display was sickening, and I was glad to come away from it. We stopped at a shop to purchase a pair of kid gloves, and as we were leaving, the clerk handed D. a sealed envelope, which he put in his hat, supposing it contained his card, and did not think of it again until this morning, when I carelessly opened it. I found it contained thirteen samples of beautiful English printed cambric at thirteen cents a yard, and I could not tell but it was quite as fine and nice as the French calicoes that we pay double that price for at home. But at all events, it was a splendid advertising, and I think it quite an efficacious one. It gives a lady an opportunity of selecting a neat morning robe, or some pretty dresses for the children, by her own fireside, instead of turning over a dozen pieces at the shop counter.

I saw yesterday an equipage that afforded us considerable amusement. The locomotive power was supplied by a goat, harnessed to a carriage of proportionate dimensions. The driver was a gaily dressed, fast young man, some two years old, and he was giving two young ladies, his seniors by a year or two, an airing, evidently to their great satisfaction. The "*tout ensemble*" was decidedly rich.

One cannot but notice the difference between young England and "young America." The former remains in pantalettes till he is five years old, and then is a school boy till he is of age, and in the meantime, does not smoke cigars or drive fast horses. I have not seen a boy smoking in London, and in New York, boys of four or five years old wim a cigar in their mouth are plenty. But for some reason, when grown up, a total transmogrification seems to take place in both characters. John Bull is a fat, burly, horse racing, obstinate fellow, while brother Jonathan settles down into a staid, fatherly sort of man, inventing all kinds of machinery and reading the newspapers.

One thing I am certain of, we Yankees would never submit to such abominable impositions under the pretence of government, as these Englishmen do. Last winter, Lord John Russell undertook a special mission to Vienna, and in a very disinterested manner declined any remuneration for his services, merely stipulating that government should defray his expenses. He, however, took his whole family which, including servants, amounted to only *thirty persons!* And we learn from parliamentary papers just published that the whole expense of the mission was something over $12,000. It is to meet innumerable expenditures as ridiculous as this, that the people of England are so enormously taxed. The Princess Alice is to marry a Prince of Prussia, and the people must pay $70,000 a year for her support through life. Probably as much or more for the other princesses. Prince Albert, who is fond of amusing himself in a scientific manner, has a model farm, somewhere in Ireland, and the people pay $5,000 a year for him to fatten his pigs, and cultivate his ground in the latest and most approved fashion! It is very pleasant for the prince, doubtless, but for those who pay for it out of their earnings, not so agreeable.

We have a change of weather to day, and spring is coming in delightfully. The hawthorn hedges, which you may find by a short walk towards the country, are blossoming, and the daisies and primroses are out in all their beauty in the meadows. A solitary dandelion, that I saw in a walk the other day, transported me across the Atlantic, in "double quick time." I could not refrain from giving it a blessing as I passed, it had such a look of *home* about it. Nothing could be pleasanter than to stroll in the parks, on these pleasant afternoons. You may play with the swans, that float about so majestically on the water; any of them will come and eat crumbs from your hand. Or you may coax the timid lambs almost to your side, and laugh to see them scamper off, if you come too near them. A touching incident occurred in Hyde Park last Sunday. Some children were playing on the bank of the Serpentine River, when suddenly one little laughing creature approached too carelessly, and fell into the water, the children screamed, the maids were terror-stricken, but the poor child was drowning. Suddenly a young man rushed from the crowd and plunged into the water, and in a moment stood again on the bank, with the rescued child in his arms.

A distinguished crowd had gathered around the spot, and the lord mayor, who was among them, asked the young man his name. He, however, replied that he did not seek publicity, he had merely done his duty and was sufficiently recompensed in having saved the life of a fellow creature. Although the water was dripping from his clothes, he refused any attention, and walked deliberately away, as if nothing had happened. The lord mayor gave directions that the incident should be recorded on the books of the Humane Society, and if the young man ever chooses to claim it, he can have the society's medal.

Speaking of the lord mayor, reminds us that he gave a dinner yesterday to Mr. Dallas, which passed off very pleasantly. Some 200 guests were present. After everybody else was toasted sufficiently, Mr Dallas proposed the health of the lady mayoress, in a short speech, highly complimentary to the sex, and especially complimenting the grace and dignity of her ladyship. The lord mayor returned thanks, and said he was authorized by the lady mayoress to say, that if the diplomacy of the American minister equalled his gallantry, there would be no doubt of his success.

Yours respectfully, J. P. B.

News Glances.

Iowa.—There must be "tall living" in Iowa. A friend writes from there, that going out a few days since a short distance from home, he found a six barrelled revolver, a hunting knife, a pair of boots, and the dead bodies of eight wolves laying beside them, indicating that some person had shot six with his revolver, destroyed two with his knife, and then became a victim to the remainder.

Vicissitudes of Life.—A curious rencontre happened to Douglas Jerrold on the first night of "The Rent Day." When he was a midshipman on board a man-of-war, he met in the same capacity, a lad named Clarkson Stanfield. Sixteen years afterwards, these two sailor boys met on the boards of a London theatre; one the great scene-painter, and the other a successful dramatist.

Havana.—The Cubans seem to be enjoying themselves. Paul Jullien and Patti reaped a rich harvest. The theatres are doing well, a gymnasium for ladies and gentlemen has been opened, Godard is still giving balloon ascensions, and a panorama of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre is on exhibition.

A delicate Palate.—A gentleman having given a quantity of peaches to the laborers on the road in the vicinity of Boston, one of them was asked how he liked them; he said the fruit was very good, but the seeds scratched his throat a little as he swallowed them.

Bookselling.—The book trade of Boston has increased 25 per cent over the average of the last five years, and the business for 1855 amounted to $5,500,000.

Awful.—Rogers, in his "Table Talk," has left on record that he saw several girls—mere children—going to the gallows for having participated in the Lord George Gordon riots.

Sea Serpent.—The sea serpent has been seen off New Jersey; he was heading northeast and will turn up off Nahant, probably on the very day Col. Stevens reopens his splendid hotel.

Do Something.—Every one can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the footpavement.

What Nonsense!—A soldier from the Crimea is said to be always on duty by the side of the cradle of the Imperial Prince of France.

One Mile.—In playing a game of billiards a man walks upwards of one mile on an average.

Cost.—The expense of one trip of an ocean steamship is over forty thousand dollars.

Truth is—The heart that beats for no woman is a ri-he without a statue.

THE FLAG OF OUR U

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIET

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SMUGGLERS AND SMUGGLIN

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where the coffin was filled with cigar
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his staff, all of them glittering w
cry, and covered with ribbons and
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presented arms, and without institutin
search, allowed three carriages, filled
and smugglers, to pass their guard.

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has learned how to baffle gendarmes
and who knows how to tread the
has never discovered by night or
followers place entire confidence
surrender their liberty and fortune
ing; and these men very rarely
fraud. A true and full account
and smuggling on the continent
would be as readable and excitin
thrilling romance.

Omnibus Horses.—An omnibu
New York, owning three hundred
horses, feeds them each with eight
hay and seventeen pounds of cor
with only a quarter of a pound of s
They prefer a horse weighing ten
dred pounds, and use straw for bed

The Letter "H."—This let
more trouble to the English th
marine ever occasioned them.
ledge that they are "learns of
can't say so to save their lives
"learns of book."

Paper.—The cost of manufactu
supply of printing paper for the U
independent of labor and rags, is
$4,000,000. This gives us a best
literary character of our country.

Diamonds.—Diamonds are
Paris, having advanced twenty-f
The Russian agents are buying th
ladies of St. Petersburg.

Hungary.—Kossuth despairs o
ate independence of Hungary, thou
in its ultimate emancipation.

Leap Year.—John Bigler, of
fers to jump over a fence eighteen

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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☞ All persons who are subscribers to THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, whether in club or otherwise, who will send us $2 stating that they are on the subscription list of the Flag, shall receive BALLOU'S PICTORIAL for one year, commencing with the same date their Flag subscription commences.

SMUGGLERS AND SMUGGLING.

All men are by instinct free traders, and there are few, except honest tradespeople, who do not sympathize at heart with smugglers, and secretly chuckle over their evasions of the revenue laws. This is particularly the case in Europe, where duties are oppressively heavy, where each state is surrounded by a cordon of custom house officers, and where, even, there are imposts levied on goods passing from town to country in the same state. As a matter of course there is a great deal of smuggling—excessive duties acting as a stimulus and premium on fraudulent dealers. In France the smugglers are particularly active, and the sympathy of the people materially aids them. Almost incredible stories are told of the ingenuity of French smugglers on the northern frontier. Some of the drivers of the diligences have been known to deal in double pannels, harnesses lined with lace, and cushions stuffed with costly fabrics. Beets have been hollowed out and filled with tobacco. We remember reading of a funeral procession, conducted in grand style, where the coffin was filled with cigars; and particularly of the passage across the Belgian frontier of a false general in full uniform, followed by his staff, all of them glittering with embroidery, and covered with ribbons and crosses, so that the custom house troops, drawn up in line, presented arms, and without instituting the usual search, allowed three carriages, filled with silks and smugglers, to pass their guard.

Most of the smugglers in France make great use of well trained dogs, and their enemies, the custom house officers, follow their example. Packages of silks and lacings are lashed to the backs of these animals, and over them is placed a curious sort of defence. A two-tined steel fork is strapped on each side of the dog, the points projecting beyond his head, and the shafts, from his nose to his tail, furnished with long, curved, cutting knife-blades. Thus equipped, he is launched on his career, and goes directly to some point where he has been well fed and caressed, and where confederates are ready to receive him. The defensive armor worn by these dogs is a complete protection against any but a very well-trained dog. If an untrained mastiff attacks the smuggler's dog, he is almost sure to be spitted alive. An old, well-trained custom house dog, however, knows how to operate successfully. He attacks the smuggler's dog in the rear; catches him by the hind leg and holds him fast till his master comes up. The latter immediately kills the contrabandist's dog, and then cuts off one of his paws as a trophy, which serves as an evidence in obtaining the reward. The smugglers and their enemies also use dogs for another purpose. They attach themselves to the animals by stout cords or straps, reaching from their bits to the dogs' collars, and are thus dragged over the ground with much greater velocity than they could obtain by their own unaided efforts. In the vast plains of the Artois smuggling is ordinarily carried on by squads of cavalry, flanked by skirmishers. When the mounted custom house official attacks their cavalcades, a murderous *melee* is not unfrequently the result.

The smugglers of the north of France live in troops and march in bands, each band having its leader, whose supremacy is based on innumerable proofs of intelligence and audacity. He is almost always what is termed in slang phrase, a "hard ticket,"—perhaps an old smuggler, who has learned how to baffle gendarmes and guards, and who knows how to tread the path the law has never discovered by night or by day. His followers place entire confidence in him, and surrender their liberty and fortune to his keeping; and these men very rarely betray their trust. A true and full account of smugglers and smuggling on the continent of Europe would be as readable and exciting as the most thrilling romance.

OMNIBUS HORSES.—An omnibus company in NEW YORK, owning three hundred and thirty five horses, feeds them each eight pounds of cut hay and seventeen pounds of corn meal daily, with only a quarter of a pound of salt per month. They prefer a horse weighing ten or eleven hundred pounds, and use straw for bedding them.

THE LETTER "H."—This letter has given more trouble to the English than letters of marque ever occasioned them. We acknowledge that they are "hearts of oak," but *they* can't say so to save their lives—they're only "'earts of hoak."

PAPER.—The cost of manufacturing a year's supply of printing paper for the United States, independent of labor and rags, is estimated at $4,000,000. This gives us a lively idea of the literary character of our country.

DIAMONDS.—Diamonds are looking up in Paris, having advanced twenty-five per cent. The Russian agents are buying them up for the ladies of St. Petersburg.

HUNGARY.—Kossuth despairs of the immediate independence of Hungary, though he believes in its ultimate emancipation.

LEAP YEAR.—John Bigler, of Louisville, offers to jump over a fence eighteen feet high.

HOW HE DOES IT.

Bill Dibbles is a very well-dressed young man, moves in good company, drives fast livery horses, enjoys all the pleasures of the town that a gentleman may enjoy without derogation, and yet it is well known that he has just sufficient income to pay his hotel and laundry bills, and keep up his credit with his tailor. "How he does it" is a mystery to the great world of Boston, which is naturally bound to know everybody's business. Happening to be in Dibbles's confidence, we shall venture to reveal his secret. It is a very simple one, and may benefit some of the fast young men of this wicked generation.

Bill Dibbles's fortune, then, consists of one twenty-dollar gold piece. It is a real lucky penny. He has had it these three years—ever since he came of age, indeed. It is worth at least twenty thousand dollars to him. For instance, he goes into a stationer's to buy half a dozen sheets of paper; out comes the twenty-dollar gold piece to pay for it.

"Will you change this?" says Bill. "I'm sorry I've nothing smaller. Please give me gold and silver—I'm shy of paper money."

"Can't do it, my dear sir; haven't got the change in the store. But it's no consequence—any time when you're passing."

How carelessly Bill lounges into a confectioner's and orders a strawberry ice cream. The pretty girl at the counter is doomed to witness the exhibition of that inexorable gold piece, smilingly declines to change it; and Bill, invited to call and settle when he is passing, lounges out of the establishment as nonchalantly as he entered it.

Bill scorns to be reputed mean. When he is dining in company at Parker's, he always insists on paying his share, and out comes the twenty-dollar gold piece. Of course nobody can change it. Equally certain is it that the credit of a man who never has anything less than twenty dollars in his pocket, is beyond suspicion. For him the livery stable keeper puts the fastest nag to the best buggy; for him the boot black puts an extra polish on the French calfskin; for him the artist in hair gives a more vigorous touch to his champooing fingers—they are all paid in the same coin: or rather by a sight of the same coin. What a contemptuous, sarcastic smile does Bill's aristocratic lip wear when he is told that they cannot change that twenty-dollar gold piece! How he pities some people's poverty! How he complains—the hypocrite!—of the annoyance these repeated refusals cause him! We verily believe that if he is ever married, that twenty-dollar piece will be tendered to the clergyman with a request that he will return half of it. Of course the clergyman wont be able to do it, and the gold will return to the pocket of Bill's white vest. If Bill isn't a financier, we don't know who is.

DOG AND MAN.

Reynolds, the prolific dramatist, once produced a musical afterpiece at Drury Lane, called "The Caravan: or, the Driver and his Dog." The music was good, and it had a profitable run. The chief attraction of the piece was a dog, named Carlo. One day, Sheridan, being then manager, went to see the performance of this wonderful dog. As he entered the green room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to him, with a woful countenance:

"Sir, there is no guarding against illness; it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this, but really—"

"Really what?" exclaimed Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell," continued Dignum, "that I really cannot go on longer than to-night."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Sheridan. "My dear fellow, you frightened me; I thought you were going to say the dog was taken ill!"

NO JOKE.—The Montpelier (VT.) Freeman says that at a social gathering in that vicinity, lately, a young gentleman had the task of "getting a wife" imposed upon him during the evening's amusement, and with a young lady went through a mock ceremony, as they both supposed, of being married; but after the motions had been gone through with, it was discovered that the person who married them was a *real* justice, and the matrimonial knot could not be untied! The parties are satisfied with their bargain, but are considerably nettled at the manner in which they were launched upon the sea of matrimony.

WELL TREATED.—Major Delafield and Captain McLellan, officers of the United States army, sent abroad to study the manner of conducting the Eastern war, have returned home, and report that they were everywhere courteously received during their tour.

A CHANGE.—They have substituted horses for mules on the Sixth Avenue Railroad, New York city. The long cared quadrupeds will be glad of the change. They have departed; but they have left a good many *traces* behind.

"THE TEXAN CRUISER."—This is the title of an admirable nautical tale, now publishing in Ballou's Pictorial. It is from the pen of T. Burlingame Ross, and is the best sea story ever published in newspaper form.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

BOUQUETS.—It requires art and taste to make up a beautiful bouquet. Without an eye for the harmony of color, the most beautiful flowers may be grouped together without effect.

Should any of our readers desire a first class literary paper, one that will never call up a blush to the cheeks of purity, one whose stories are of the highest order, and whose illustrations can always be relied upon as being correct as well as beautiful, subscribe at once for Ballou's Pictorial.—*Musical Herp, Cleveland, Ohio.*

NEW BEDFORD.—There have been several arrivals of whale ships at this port, recently. "The isles of Grease! the isles of Grease!" as Byron sang.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—The sugar and molasses crop of TEXAS, last year, amounted to more than $800,000. It "takes us."

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Hon. E. G. Squier has received the gold medal of the French Geographical Society.

A hollow tooth is defined by science to be an "aching void."

There are 66,162 volumes of public documents for three years only, in the Ohio State House.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest, it is said.

Beware of letting stewed apples stand too long in glazed jars—they become poisonous.

Geometry doesn't teach us to square the circle of our acquaintance.

A poem on peace, published in St. Petersburg, praises all the combatants.

DE MOTT said that doctors should have a large pocket for the insults and a small one for fees.

There has been a reduction of fare on the New York and Erie Railroad.

A man in Franklin, N. Y., married recently, kept intoxicated for two weeks, and then died.

A pretty girl, like corn in time of scarcity, ought to be husbanded.

Ex-mayor Curtis's farm, near Chicago, cost $23,000, and is now worth $90,000.

The brig Acorn, of Boston, has gone whaling to Prince Regent's Inlet and Boothia Gulf.

One scruple of medicine often creates many scruples in the patient.

An Irish gardener locked up a thief in the ice to "warm his jacket."

The British government have forbidden English colonization in the Bay of Islands.

The man who drives his business has just purchased a new horsewhip.

The Worcester Transcript establishment was recently sold for $1650.

Children should never be allowed to require services they can perform themselves.

A man who cannot contain himself is too large or too small.

A mad dog avoids water—a good test is New York milk.

We begin to think there is little hope of the independence of Italy at present.

Looking through thick-bottomed tumblers is very hurtful to the eyes.

THE LADY'S PAGE.

Mrs. Bolster, who has just commenced the life of an Avenoodle, in New York city, has added a "page" to her establishment. Pat Murphy, newly come over, a "broth of a boy," a second edition of the Irish giant, done up in a fine blue livery, with silver buttons, goes in for that line of character. The other evening, Murphy was told by the lady that she was "not at home to anybody." Among the dismissed callers was Mrs. Dudgeon, Mrs. Bolster's sister. The next day, when she learned to whom she had been denied, Mrs. Bolster informed the page that she was always at home to her sister.

Soon after imparting this information, Mrs. B. entered her carriage, with the new horses, and drove forth with the benevolent intention of "raking down Broadway" with the splendid equipage. During her absence, Mrs. Dudgeon called. "Is my sister in?"

"Sure she is, ma'am."

Mrs. Dudgeon walked in, and up stairs, and all over the house, without finding the lady. On leaving the house, she once more encountered the page. "What did you tell me my sister was up stairs for?"

"I tould ye so, madam," replied the Hibernian, "because I had it from her own lips, that she was always at home for you."

Mr. Murphy is not so great an acquisition after all.

THE REMAINS OF A HERO.—The remains of General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, were lately removed from the tomb under St. Paul's Church, to be deposited in the grave of the Warren family at Forest Hills Cemetery, Roxbury. The cranium was found in a state of preservation, and an aperture showed where the fatal ball had entered. The bullet, by the way, is still carefully preserved in this city.

SUCH IS LIFE!—The street philosopher saith, "The boy on foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with every of a larger growth. We are always crying out 'whip behind!' in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on, more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch."

SPIRITUALISM.—Humboldt, the great German philosopher, is down on the spirit-rappers rather heavily. He writes that he has a "holy horror of pine wood spiritualism." Some things have been done in Boston that would make him open his eyes.

HUNTING AND FISHING.—It is a canon of the Catholic Church, it is said, that hunters have generally been great sinners, and fishermen pious. Isaac Walton asks a blessing on all who are "lovers of virtue *and* go an angling."

PHILANTHROPY.—There are two kinds of philanthropists—those who talk and those who act: the former believe in good advice, the latter in dimes and dinners.

POLYGAMY.—One Nathan Brown is in prison in Ohio for having nine wives. "Poor fellow!" as Sir Peter Teazle says, "the crime carries its punishment along with it."

MAY IN BOSTON.—Last month there was a specimen of "winter lingering in the lap of spring" in Boston, in the shape of a snow bank five feet high.

THE USE OF TRAVEL.—One of the most important uses of travel is not so much to make us know what we see before us, as what we leave behind us.

HEN THIEVES.—Some rascals have been plundering the hen roosts at New Corner. If the chickabiddies were Shanghais, we pity the thieves.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Carrie's Tomb," a poem by ALICE HUSSEY.
"The Indian Captive," a tale by ANNE T. WILDE.
"A Dream," in verse by Mrs. H. T. RICHARDS.
"Mirza the Haiken," a tale of the East, by Dr. J. V. C. SMITH.
"My Uncle Nathaniel," a story by MARY A. LOWELL.
"The Old Mountain Tree," illustrated by MARY F. WATKIN.
"The Female Duke," a tale by BENJAMIN CUMMINGS, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give another of our State emblematical representations depicting the State of Maryland in full page fine style, and highly suggestive by its association.

A group of Eastern sketches, representing Egyptian Modern Ploughing, Modern Syrian CRT. Gleaners of the Pontine Marshes, Bashock Darts of the Nomadic Tartars, and a Bullock caravan of Moldavia.

A fine series of views in the Fegee Islands, drawn by Mr. Hill, from sketches made by an officer of the U. S. Ship John Adams, giving a view of the town of Levuka, the Burning of Nasonie, the Burning of Navua, and a picture of the Harbor of Apia, Island of Upolu.

Portrait of Hon. George M. Dallas, our Minister to the Court of St. James, Great Britain.

A picture of Lincoln Cathedral, one of the few remaining monuments of old English architecture which have descended from feudal times.

A large and accurate representation of the Massachusetts State Library—a fine engraving by Champney.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States. Send a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Sardinia's participation in the Eastern war has cost her about 75,000,000 francs.

The Greeks are largely cultivating land in and about Jerusalem, planting olive and mulberry trees, and building silk mills.

The allies have sent orders to raise all measures of blockade which kept Russian commercial vessels in neutral ports.

The *cafes chantants* in Paris have received orders to suppress the anti Russian songs that they have lately been in the habit of giving.

The Emperor Napoleon has purchased an extensive piece of ground between St. Cloud and Mont Valerien, for the purpose of erecting a model farm.

The duchies of Parma, Modena and Tuscany are in a state of alarming ferment, and the Duke of Modena, who was at Venice, has returned in all haste to his capital.

Out of 31,000 men who now constitute the National Guard of Paris, 28,000 have signed an address of congratulation to the emperor on the birth of the imperial prince.

The *Univers* asserts that the question of the Holy Places, the first apparent cause of the war, has not been touched by the combatants, but will be amicably settled between France and Turkey.

Mr. Hawthorne, author of the "Scarlet Letter," being a guest at the banquet given at the Mansion House, London, recently, said he felt the ties between England and America were such as could never be broken.

The Pinster Canal, which has been in course of construction for many years for account of the Russian government, is at length completed and has just been opened. This canal allows of an interrupted communication between the Dnieper and the Bug.

Queen Victoria has commanded Mr. Bigg, the eminent anatomical mechanician, to construct artificial arms and legs for nine Crimean soldiers, whose severe mutilation attracted her notice during recent visits to the hospitals of Portsmouth and Chatham.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Giants are seldom overlooked.

Quackery has no friend like gullibility.

Be a friend to thyself and others will be so.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

New evils usually displace old ones or diminish their intensity.

Strong minds are like the firm grained wood, which kindles slowly, but burns long.

A word of kindness is a seed which, when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run ground little boats may pull them off.

The only infallible detergent of licentiousness of action is the unrestricted right of free speech.

Wit is brushwood; judgment, timber; the first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

Dear young bride, your gallant husband now thinks you the loveliest and gentlest of beings; destroy not the illusion.

If you would be pungent be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Locke was asked how he had acquired such extensive knowledge. "I never," answered the philosopher, "was ashamed to ask for information."

Solitary thought corrodes the mind, if it be not blended with social activity; and social activity produces a restless craving for excitement, if it be not blended with solitary thought.

A large part of the words and words which we meet are mute by the indolent, who cut the knot which they ought to untie, or by the prolix, who have exhausted *words* and then imagined new.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Case he is a deal-plainer.

A grocer in Dublin advertises whiskey for sale, "drunk by his late majesty."

Why is a crack in the wall like Isaac Walton the angler? Because it's a fissure.

A servant girl left her place the other day, because she had to drink brown sugar in her coffee.

An Irishman trying to put out a gas light with his fingurs, cried out, "Och, murder, the divil a wick's in it."

The man who took passage on the wings of the morning returned on the shades of night. He is going well.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; but now the popular study is how to make money out of him.

Why may a chemist and a mountebank both be females? Because one is an Ann Eliza (analyzer) and the other a Charlotte Ann (charlatan).

To catch mice, place sweetmeats in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, bite!

A father being applied to for the reason of his son's absence from school, the schoolmaster received the following unenlighten reply: "Kepsathometogotasterin."

Doing unto others as you would have others do unto you—Neglecting to pay the barber for removing the beard from your face, and thereby *shaving* him in return.

A physician who was called to attend a rich patient, immediately said on entering the sick chamber, "My dear sir, allow me to examine your *purse*,"—meaning pulse, of course.

Quill and Scissors.

The Norfolk Argus says the U. S. ship Portsmouth, Capt. Foote, which recently sailed from that port for the East Indies, has entirely dispensed with the spirit rations by the voluntary arrangement of the crew, being the first United States ship which ever left that port under such regulations.

At Hamilton, Canada, Mrs. McIntyre, a poor widow, recently recovered £100 from a wealthy merchant for the death of her only child, a boy of eleven years, who was killed by falling into a cellar belonging to the defendant, on a public street—there being no railing for the protection of passengers.

Mr. Daniel Cameron, who was elected representative for the digging district of Woosshed, Australia, had the compliment paid to him by his supporters of having the horse he rode on at the time of the contest shod with shoes of solid gold. He was also presented with the sum of £1300.

The Colonization Herald says, about six hundred applications have been received by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, for a passage in the expedition to sail on the first of June next from Savannah, of whom the great majority are slaves, who are to be emancipated for the purpose.

By the will of Mr. James Kelley, of Lancaster county, Virginia, all his slaves, amounting to about forty five, have been emancipated. His executors are now in Baltimore, making arrangements for their outfit and embarkation to Liberia, in the vessel which is soon to sail from that port.

New York papers say that an old gentleman of that city connected with a leading financial institution, has been done out of $100,000, more or less, by consistency, in which a young woman figured, and that the sporting man who assisted her has been arrested at Rochester.

The American Publishers' Circular says that G. P. R. James, setting down into a steadfast admirer of free acres and broad fields, has invested largely in western lands, and remains for the present in the United States.

The Nashua Oasis says that one stove manufactory in that city is filling an order for 180 stoves to go to Turkey. The harems of the Sultan may yet enjoy the pleasure of eating food cooked on a Yankee stove.

A sturgeon six feet and eleven inches long, and weighing 104 pounds, was lately caught in Oneida Lake, near the outlet. This monster was taken in a net, and the fishermen had great difficulty in getting it ashore.

The Irish begira to America has again commenced, and crowds of "decently dressed and comfortable looking emigrants" are seen flocking to the seaports to embark for the land of freedom.

The letter purporting to have been written by Jenny Lind to a lady in Philadelphia, expressing sympathy for Barnum, is said to be a forgery—at least, Barnum expresses that opinion in regard to it.

Edward Dean, father of Mrs. Hayne, had his pocket picked while coming off the transit at Detroit, lately. His pocket book was taken, containing $150 in money, and a draft for $500.

The Zanesville Courier says it is reported that very great losses of sheep have occurred in Ohio this winter, and predicts that it will affect the wool crop.

Dr. Orville Dewey has donated the earnings of his last winter's lectures to his native village, to be expended in planting shade trees along its streets.

Miss Hosmer, of Watertown, is now modelling at Rome a statue of Beatrice Cenci, as she appeared on the evening before her execution.

The Portuguese of New York have subscribed a sum of nearly $2000 for the benefit of their suffering brethren at the Cape Verd Islands.

Dr. Breckenridge says that it is the characteristic of Kentuckians not to promise much, but that they always perform what they promise.

Accounts from all parts of New Jersey agree in stating that the prospects of a large yield of peaches were never better than at present.

In 1825 the king of Sardinia decreed that no one should be allowed to read and write who was not in possession of 1500 *lieres*—about $200.

Common schools are rapidly increasing in North Carolina, and were attended last year by 120,000 scholars, against 19,000 in 1840.

There are 800 idiots in the State of Connecticut, one-fourth of whom are under fourteen years of age.

Mdlle. Parodi's concerts in New Orleans are said to have netted $19,000.

Anna Stone, the vocalist, has married Dr. Ellsworth Elliot, of New York.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Robbins, Jairus R. Lincoln, Esq., of Bingham, to Miss Sarah J. Seals.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Lucius C. Niles to Miss Ellen S. Lawrence.

By Rev. Mr. Sandall, Mr. Thomas Dickson, of Salem, to Miss Catharine Hutchinson.

By Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. William F. Falle to Miss Elizabeth F. Gill.

By Rev. Mr. Goodhue, Mr. Thomas Hollis, Jr. to Miss Mary E. Chick.

By Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. John Williams to Miss Catharine Hinckley.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hooper, Mr. Samuel D. Sawin, to Miss Caroline E. Simonds.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Joshua Hayes, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Catharine Stockpole.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Longworthy, Mr. William F. Woodman to Miss Agnes B. Wasson.

At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Sewell, Rev. Allen Lincoln, of Gray, Me., to Miss Martha Gardner.

At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Benjamin Page, Esq. to Miss Emily C. Grimsby, both of Charlestown.

At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Cluck, Mr. Joseph B. Lawton, of Roxbury, to Miss Mary F. Faxon.

At Acton, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. John E. Hosmer to Miss Emeline Tuttle.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Charles H. Morrison to Miss Mary Agnes Gray.

At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, Mr. Jason Freeman to Mrs. Sarah Jackson.

At Canaanboro', N. C., by Rev. Mr. Mahoney, Mr. W. H. Burk to Miss Angie S. Beaty.

Deaths.

In this city, Dr. John Collins Warren, 78. Mrs. Emeline Heyward Bartlett, 28. Mrs. Mary M. McKnight, 31. Mrs. Della Morris Snow, Miss Mary Elizabeth Fox, 21. Mr. James Keel, Jr., 37. Mrs. Abby B. Wharton, 30. Mrs. Susannah F. Armstrong, 29. Mrs. Mary E. Magoon, 41. Mrs. S. Augusta Spaulding, 52.

At Dorchester, Widow L. Carlton, Esq., 72. Widow Rebecca Stetson, 76.

At East Cambridge, Mr. Amasa Parker, 72.

At Jamaica Plain, Widow Mary Ann Dodge, 49.

At Malden, Mr. James F. Hobbs, 21.

At Medford, Mr. Charles H. Merrill, 27.

At Salem, Capt. Joseph Peirce, 79. Mr. Charles G. Peirce, 21. Widow Sarah Smith, 90.

At South Danvers, Mr. Wood Porter, 58.

At Worcester, Mrs. Elizabeth Parrott, 72. Mrs. Amanda L. Bigge, 26.

At Andover, Mrs. Abigail H. Burtt, 58.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Elizabeth Kinsman, 68. Mrs. Susan Jones, 65.

At Williamsburg, Capt. Abner Warner, 80.

At Longmeadow, Widow Mehitable D. Colton, 83.

At Marlborough, Mr. Luke Dunbar, 75.

At Holyoke, Mr. Charles Bracket, 69.

At Chicopee, Mr. John Chester, 75.

At New Bedford, Widow Mercy Haskell, 82. Widow Louisa Simon, 58.

At Nantucket, Capt. Joseph Allen, 82. Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. William Jones, 70.

At Springfield, Miss Isabella Keyes, 19.

At Richmond, Mr. Selah Andrews, 87. Widow Hepsiba Leadbetter, 90.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HO! FOR HONDURAS!

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

[As sung and danced by Frank Freelove and dedicated to the Hon. N. T. Rosester, of the Scobaria Democratic Republican—a fourcur of his departure to explore Honduras.]

I am off! to the land where the dulcet breeze blows,
And the sweet breathing perfume of flowers scents the gale;
I am off! to the land where the wave gently flows,
And the rough sweeps of Borean blasts ne'er prevail.

I am off! to the land where old Sol's wife awake,
With the winsome Dame Fortune to dance a new jig;
At the axe on my shoulder "all natur'" will quake,
And I'll build me a hut of mahogany twig.

I am off! to the land where the birds sing the songs,
And the "uproar" is chiming of water o'er gems;
Signor Breeze and his role chant their own native tongues,
And the "glorious sights" are the loies that one mends.

I am decked in a shirt of "Old Hickory Stripe,"
With my boots made of cowhide, well tanned, firm and strong;
And blue-by I'll come back for a pretty young wife,
And you'll all be so vexed that you didn't go 'long!

I am tired of a land where all things are "so nice"—
Where old Boreas reigns less on the gale than the breast,
Where emotions are cooled—like champagne kept in ice,
And a thrill of warm feeling dies hid 'neath a vest.

I am tired of the North! where the blasts are so chill—
I am prisoned at home, like a monk in his cell—
I am so cold, even friendship can scarce raise a thrill:
Here goes—ho! for Honduras! the North a farewell!

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

GONZALES THE PAINTER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

A young man, wearing the handsome half Flemish, half Spanish costume of the portraits of Van Dyck, was seated before an easel, and contemplating, with a thoughtful look, a large picture, almost finished, representing the *Annunciation*. He still held in one hand his palette, and in the other his pencils, which he grasped with a kind of suppressed despair. After a few moments of silence, he dropped pencils and palette, clasped his hands, and tears filled his eyes. Suddenly the door of his studio opened. The young painter hastily wiped his eyes, and rose with a movement of impatience.

The woman who had just entered had the thick and short form, the ruddy complexion, and wore the costume of Flemish peasants; she might have been taken for one of the *baccanes* of Teniers. She approached the easel, scolding.

"I was sure of it," said she; "you have been at work on your holy picture, instead of finishing the paintings which the Archduke Leopold ordered." And turning towards several sketches suspended to the wall, continued: "Is it not a shame to leave there unfinished, so many beautiful things?"

"A shame," returned Gonzales, ironically, "to quit these drunkards' fights and kitchen interiors to paint the Mother of God!"

"The mother of Satan, rather! Think you not that everybody will recognize in your madonna the portrait of La Caterina? How dared you give the Virgin the face of an opera dancer?"

"Why did God give the opera dancer the face of a virgin?"

"Say that you are glad to have a pretext to entice this young girl hither. O, I am not your dupe, and I know why you love better to paint women than drinkers!"

"Again, Margaret!" exclaimed the painter.

"I will not suffer another woman to enter here," continued the housekeeper, raising her voice.

"You forget that I am master in my own house, Margaret."

"And you forget that I am your wife."

"O no, I remember it but too often!" said the young man, angrily. "Accursed be the day when I encountered you!"

"You were not then so proud."

Gonzales started.

"You are right," said he, bitterly. "I was then a beggar without a shelter. I had received only six rix dollars for my best picture, and my landlord had driven me from my lodgings. O, I have forgotten nothing! You picked me up in the street like a forsaken dog; you generously gave me food and a refuge."

"Who talked of this?"

"You, Margaret; you reminded me of it; but do you know what I have given you in return? I have given you my hopes and my most beautiful dreams; I have become your husband—I who might have been your son! I have toiled in your presence like a workman for his patron, hearing only your scolding voice, seeing only your discontented face. And yet I feel within me all the aspirations of youth! I dream of beauty, sweet songs, and brilliant fetes. O, how often, as I passed the palace of Rubens, and listened to the music of his balls, have I wished to enter! How often have I looked through the garden gate at the young ladies and their cavaliers dancing beneath the trees! And I had but to will it, and the gate would open to me; for whoever can write his name with his pencil, is welcome with Rubens, and Gonzales is not unknown to him! But it would have deranged the monotonous life I have led with you; on returning from the company of these sweet-voiced ladies, I should have found your language more rude, and your temper more intolerable. I prefer to renounce a pleasure, which would only increase my sadness; besides, Art can console for all—even for lost youth. It is to her that I have confided my sorrows; but do not seek to deprive me of this last consolation, Margaret; for when there is no hope, patience must fail."

These words were pronounced with profound bitterness and suppressed anger; but the coarse Fleming did not appear to comprehend him.

"What does all this signify?" said she. "You suffer ennui, you desire to go to balls; who hinders you?"

Gonzales made a violent gesture; but immediately repressed it.

"Return to your kitchen, Margaret," said he, with resigned despair.

This calmness exasperated the Fleming.

"To my kitchen!" exclaimed she. "Am I then a servant, and have I not a right to remain here if I will? O, I am not such a fool as you think for, Jean; in the midst of all these fine phrases, there is one thing I comprehend—it is that you are weary of me, and wish me dead. Yes, dead! I should then no longer be a restraint upon you; you could go to the fetes of Rubens, and dance with the beautiful ladies. Only, Jean, when I am no longer here, you must not be sick so often; for these young ladies are afraid that fevers and vigils would spoil their complexion. You must not require them to pass ten days and nights watching beside you; only servants, like myself, ever do that!"

"Yes," said the young man, "you have taken care of me as the executioner takes care of the criminal—to have the pleasure of killing me afterwards at your ease! Am I not, besides, your property?—and like a good manager, must you not preserve a domestic animal whose productions you wish to sell? What you would save, is not my life, but my labor."

"Your labor is indeed worth saving: it is now two months since you have sold a picture, and yet there is a demand on every side; but you had rather remain whole days before this great canvass, watching the flies and seeming to think, that you may be idle."

"Go to your kitchen, Margaret," repeated Gonzales, his patience almost exhausted.

But the Fleming had been wounded to the quick, and, as it often happens in such cases, she felt her anger increase as she spoke.

"Yes," resumed she, "my place is in the kitchen; for it is that of honest women; and here are only *filles de joie:* ingrates, who forget what has been done for them; idlers, who suffer themselves to be supported by a wife!"

Gonzales could listen no longer. He seized her by the arm, pushed her rudely out, locked the door, and threw himself in a chair at the other end of the studio. It was the first time he had resorted to violence to escape the persecutions of his wife, and he was at once sad and terrified at what he had done.

Gonzales had espoused Margaret partly through gratitude, partly through weakness, and without calculating the consequences of such an engagement. He was at an age when one tries all that is new, without hesitation; when one risks happiness and life through indifference or curiosity. He had regarded his union with Margaret less as a marriage than as a domestic association. He had seen in it, at first, only the means of securing a home, where he would find some one to take the place of mother and sister; he soon found out how much he had been mistaken.

Margaret loved him with an exclusive and tyrannical affection. Jealous and imperious, she pursued Gonzales everywhere with her orders and complaints. No nature could be more opposite to that of the young painter. Her ignorant brutality was equalled only by his delicate susceptibility: he was a child of those souls in love only with idealities—charming but frail butterflies, which cannot come in contact with reality without brushing the dust from their wings. Since the despotism of Margaret had been extended even to his art, he had begun to find it more difficult to endure. Already he had several times resolved to recover his independence by leaving Anvers; but the necessity of affection restrained him—he dreaded the return of that isolation which had made desolate his earlier years. Margaret was as yet the only being to whom he was attached by any tie; with her he was unhappy; but he was not alone, and for his heart, full of love, solitude was annihilation.

The scene we have just described made him once more think of flight; and without having resolved upon it, he was asking himself how and where he could go, when he heard a gentle knock at the door of the studio.

"Who's there?" asked he, hastily.

A sweet and slightly tremulous voice replied, "It is I, master."

Gonzales opened the door, and a boy of about fifteen years, wearing a rich Polish costume, entered the studio.

"Pardon me, Antonio," said the painter, passing his hand amicably over the head of the boy, "I had forgotten that it was the day for your lesson."

Antonio raised upon him a glance of sadness, which seemed to express a reproach.

"I had not forgotten it," said he, softly.

Gonzales seated himself again, pensively, and the child approached him with timid tenderness.

"You are sad, master."

Gonzales cast down his head.

"I understand you; she has been here again."

"Yes," said Gonzales; "she came to remind me that she has supported me two months in doing nothing; and she is right, for two months I have labored only for art; my days and nights are consumed here before this canvass, where I efface each morning what I have painted the day before!—for all my efforts are useless, Antonio; in vain do I essay to seize the vague images that float before my thoughts—at the moment of introducing them, they are effaced, and disappear. And how could it be otherwise? Nothing recalls to me their beauty. I seek in vain around me forms to imitate—all is coarse, heavy, trivial. O, why was not I born in Italy, like our divine masters? Why did I not grow up like them in an atmosphere of light, elegance and poesy? Ah! they were happy; their souls had but to reflect the creation which surrounded them, and their pencils to copy it. They needed not to invent sunlight and grace. They painted amid fragrant flowers, melodious songs, beautiful women; and their genius was happiness!" As he spoke thus, Gonzales had approached the picture. "All this is cold and vulgar," he said, shaking his head. "Shall I never find the model of that beauty of which I catch a glimpse in my reveries? O, Raphael! Titian! where are the beautiful women who rendered you immortal!"

He sighed, and turned towards Antonio.

"I thank thee at least, child, for one of the forms of which I had dreamed. Look! my angel's head is beautiful, and yet it does not equal thine! Will thou serve me again as a model today?"

"I am at your orders, master."

Gonzales resumed his palette, placed himself before the easel, and compared the features of the angel with those of Antonio.

"How noble are the outlines of your face!" said he, looking at the young Pole with complacent admiration. "What sweetness and sadness in your look! Ah! if you had but a sister who resembled you!"

There was a long silence. Gonzales had resumed his painting with ardor. Suddenly the door of his studio opened, and Margaret again appeared.

"Some Spanish gentlemen wish to see you," she said, harshly.

"What do they want?"

"I do not know; but they came in a gilt carriage."

"Their names?"

"One only gave his name—it is the Count de Los Cavallos."

Antonio uttered a cry.

"Well, do you know him?" asked Margaret.

But the child replied only by casting a terrified glance around. Voices were heard on the stairs.

"They are here," said Margaret, going to open the door.

Antonio ran to Gonzales.

"I am lost!"

"What mean you?"

"In the name of Heaven, let me depart unseen."

"It is impossible."

The visitors were already on the landing.

"Conceal me, then! conceal me!" cried the bewildered child.

"In this cabinet," said Gonzales, pointing to a closet where he kept his canvass.

At this moment the count, accompanied by two gentlemen, appeared on the threshold.

"Here is my husband," exclaimed Margaret, presenting Gonzales to the visitors.

"Good morning, master," said Los Cavallos. "Rubens has spoken to us of you, and we came to see your pictures."

"Look, gentlemen."

The young gentlemen began to examine the pictures suspended to the wall, and stopped before the six ordered by the Archduke Leopold.

"Why do you not finish these beautiful pictures?" asked the count.

"I am working on something else."

"Yes," muttered Margaret, "on an *Annunciation.*"

"And where is this *Annunciation?*"

Gonzales pointed to his easel, and the three Spanish noblemen approached; but scarcely had the count cast his eyes on the canvass, when he exclaimed:

"Look! Cabrella; do you not know that angel's head?"

"It is the niece of the Duchess d'Alcazzo, the beautiful Dolores."

"What say you, gentlemen?" exclaimed Gonzales, approaching.

"Ah! you introduce great ladies into your holy pictures," resumed Los Cavallos. "But how knew you the duchess? I have never met you at her house. How did you obtain the portrait of Dolores?—for it is she; the resemblance is wonderful."

"This angel's head," interrupted Margaret, who had approached, "is the portrait of the young Pole."

"What Pole?"

"Antonio; he was here just now. What has become of him?"

"He has gone out, sir," said Gonzales, hastily.

"It is impossible; we should have met him on the stairs; he must have concealed himself."

"He is not here, I tell you."

"I will wager that I can find him."

But Gonzales darted upon his wife a look in which there was so much of command that she stopped short.

"What is all this?" asked the count. "Why conceal from us the young Pole who sat for the angel?"

"The woman is mad, sir; I painted this head from memory."

Los Cavallos looked at Gonzales with a suspicious air, took his companions aside, and exchanged a few words with them in a low tone.

Gonzales felt that he must put an end to this. "Do the gentlemen desire anything more?" he asked, coldly.

The count cast upon him a haughty glance. "Do we disturb you, master?"

"I live by my labor," replied the painter.

Los Cavallos made an angry gesture, which he immediately suppressed.

"We will leave you then," said he. "Only beware! for it sometimes costs dearly to paint noble ladies." And turning to his companions, he added: "Let us go to the duchess. We will verify the resemblance of Dolores to the angel."

Gonzales opened the door for them, and saw them disappear down the winding stairs. Hardly were they alone, when Margaret advanced towards the cabinet, and forced her face to face with Antonio.

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed she.

"Go, go, Margaret!" said Gonzales, hastening thither.

"Why did he conceal himself? What signifies all this?" she uttered.

Suddenly the eyes of the Fleming rested upon Antonio. She uttered an exclamation, as if a new suspicion had struck her, and, by a movement too rapid to be prevented, put aside the pelisse of the child.

"A woman!" exclaimed she.

Gonzales remained immovable and speechless.

"A woman!" repeated Margaret. "It is very possible! Ah! I comprehend now! These, then, are the pupils to whom you give lessons, Gonzales!"

"Silence, Margaret!"

"And do you think I will suffer this!"

"Away!" he exclaimed, furiously.

"Yes, I will go; but I will return quickly with the Duchess d'Alcazzo!"

She darted from the studio. The young girl made a movement as if to follow; then stopping short, said, "After all, what matters it!" And she threw herself into a chair, weeping.

During all this scene, Gonzales had remained as if struck with a stupor. What he had just learned was so sudden, so unexpected, that he could hardly comprehend its meaning. He caught a glimpse of happiness which he dared not look in the face, and before which he closed his eyes. Meanwhile, when he saw himself alone with the young girl, when he heard her sobs, he felt his heart melt. He approached her, and said in a supplicating tone:

"Senora, pity me—I dare not understand or believe. O, give me no false hopes! All that has passed here is so strange that I fear an explanation. This disguise; these visits. What is there for me beneath all this? Is it happiness or a disenchantment!" And as the young girl remained silent, and her sobs redoubled, he knelt before her. "Senora, a single word to tell me what I am to hope or fear. Look! I ask it on my knees."

The young girl threw her arms around his neck, and pronounced his name in a low tone. The latter uttered a cry of joy.

"Dolores! Dolores! is it true then? Did you come on my account? Do you love me!"

"Gonzales!" repeated she, resting on the forehead of the young painter her cheek moistened with tears.

The latter placed one arm around her, and raising her head with the other hand, said, in a voice broken with happiness, "Is all this not a dream? Am I not mad? I, beloved by you, Dolores—by you so noble and so beautiful! But how can this be? Dare I love you? Only to look at you, I weep with joy! O, what has inspired you with this kindness towards me?"

"For a year past, Gonzales, I have known you and loved you."

"Where then did you see me?"

"At the convent of St. Marie, while you were painting your *Samaritan.* Each day, concealed in a curtained pew, I passed whole hours in looking at you. Invisible for you, I lived in the intricacy of your heart. I saw your brow by turns pale with despair or luminous with enthusiasm; I heard you speak of your work, censure or praise it; I witnessed all the emotions of your inspiration. Sometimes, when the curious came to pay you a visit, I heard you talk of Art, of Poesy, of Religion. All you said seemed new to me, and yet I felt that all these thoughts were within me. At last, one day (you have perhaps forgotten it), a young painter, whom you had known in your childhood, came to see you. You confided to him your sufferings, and I then learned them. Your friend, in his turn, related his life to you; he was full of courage and hope; he was beloved! After having listened to him, you took his hand. 'Be happy, Rynold,' you said to him. 'Ah! if I had been thus beloved, I, too, might have possessed genius.' And you wept, as you spoke thus. From that day I loved you."

"Angel!" exclaimed Gonzales, clasping the girl in his arms; "and I knew nothing of it!"

"Perhaps I should have betrayed myself; but I had not time. My aunt, who was in Spain, returned and took me from the convent of St. Marie. I saw you then more rarely; nevertheless, I sought you everywhere, and I often encountered you on the promenades or in the museums. But suddenly I ceased to see you. It was a long time before I learned the cause of your disappearance. At last, by means of inquiries, I heard that you had been long ill, but were convalescent. I could no longer resist my anxiety. My aunt, solely occupied with the pleasures of the world, left me entirely at liberty. Aided by my nurse, who lives near here, I procured this costume, and presented myself before you to take lessons in painting. You know the rest, Gonzales. I saw you often, I heard you speak; I was happy, and should still have remained silent, had not chance discovered all."

"Ah! do not complain of it, Dolores, for I owe to chance the happiest hour of my life. If you know what I feel! I would thank you for my happiness, and cannot; I am at your feet as a child without strength, without volition, overcome by surprise and joy. I fear lest a movement should awaken me, and I would die here listening to your voice and looking at you."

"Gonzales, do you then love me also?"

"Do I love you, Dolores? You are the realization of all my hopes, all my dreams! Do I love you?—you, who have descended like an angel to the poor forsaken one!—do you not see that you are now all in all to me, that I can no longer live but for you and with you? Blessed be the chance which led these gentlemen hither!"

"Ah! you remind me; you have made me forget all—Los Cavallos is now with my aunt."

"You are right."

"The duchess is implacable; she will revenge herself on you for my love."

"What care I?"

"Reflect that Margaret will conduct them hither. O, I will not wait for them! I should die with shame and grief! Then they will separate me from you, Gonzales."

"Never!" said the painter, encircling her with his arms. "It is God who has united us; he will never separate. You cannot henceforth remain here, Dolores; well, let us break the bonds which detain us; let us renounce our past, and both commence a new existence; let each be to the other, in future, family and world; let us fly together!"

It was rumored, a few days afterwards, in the studios of Anvers, that the painter Gonzales had disappeared, and no one could divine the motive. The Duchess d'Alcazzo announced on her part, that her niece had suddenly set out for Spain, summoned by a brother of her mother. Rumors of flight and elopement soon arose; but the duchess quelled them without difficulty. She contrived to give her friends news of Dolores, and to show them the letters which she wrote her, she said, from Spain, so that at the expiration of a short time, her absence no longer occasioned remark.

Meanwhile the duchess neglected nothing to discover the retreat of her niece. The precautions which she took to conceal her flight had been dictated less by affection than by pride. What she desired above all was to conceal that an Alcazzo could descend to love a man of the people; for it was not the fault which displeased her—it was the lover. Little cared she for honor, if appearances were saved; and Dolores, the wife of Gonzales, instead of his mistress, would have seemed to her still more guilty as having stooped more irrevocably. But what she desired at any price, was to separate her from Gonzales, and to have her re appear before any unsuspected circumstance should have revealed the truth. Her pride was interested in this, so she had recourse to every method of discovering the two fugitives; but especially to an old family servant, whose address had been of service to her on many occasions.

Perez had formerly been a spy of the Inquisition, and had thus acquired the cunning perspicacity of all accustomed to espionage. Like the savages of the New World, who trace on the grass the print of the enemy's moccasin, he could discover the slightest vestige, the most fugitive indication; he would follow your trail, recognize the air you had breathed, or the word you had uttered on your passage, in a hovel or a beggar. Besides, entirely devoted to the Alcazzos, the pride of Perez was also involved, and he swore to find the young girl, and set out, provided with instructions from the duchess.

As he had hoped, the talent of Gonzales aided him in his pursuit. The latter had taken refuge in Brussels, where he lived by the product of his pictures, which he took care to sell through other hands. Perez found at Amsterdam several of these paintings, recently brought into the market. He went from purchaser to purchaser, and at last arrived at Brussels, where he discovered the fugitives.

His measures were immediately taken to carry off Dolores, and rid himself of her lover. One evening, therefore, as they were returning home, he placed himself in their way, accompanied by several men, who threw themselves on the young painter, and struck him several blows with the poignard; but some citizens, attracted by the cries of the girl, ran thither and compelled the assassins to take flight. Perez, arrested by them, was thrown into prison, whence he emerged only at the expiration of three months, and through the intercession of the Duchess d'Alcazzo; and when he found himself free, the lovers had left Brussels. He recommenced the search with new ardor; but, doubtless informed of what had happened, Gonzales had taken precautions that his works should not betray him. Perez in vain frequented the shops of the merchants, asking for pictures of Gonzales, and offering to cover them with gold; all his inquiries were useless—Gonzales painted no more!

The envoy of the Duchess d'Alcazzo had already traversed in vain Flanders, Holland, England and France. He was returning to Anvers in despair, but nevertheless visiting on his way all the brokers' shops, and asking information. One day, as he was at Oudenard, in the studio of Hals, less celebrated for his talents than for his skill in trafficking that of others, this painter received several pictures, which he unrolled in the presence of Perez.

"What are those paintings?" he asked.

"Marvels," replied Hals; "flower pictures of a young man who has revealed himself only within a few months. Usually, the greatest artists announce themselves by imperfect works; this one has commenced by *chef d'oeuvres.* There are in his productions the grace and experience of a master. You shall judge, for I have here his largest and finest picture." Hals put aside the curtain, and showed Perez a large picture suspended to the wall.

It was the interior of a poor but gay little room. In the background was a bed of serge, with the *lanitier* and consecrated branch, and near to it two rude chairs. On the narrow casement, some broken porcelain pots, garnished with variegated tulips; and finally, in the middle, a willow basket, half overturned, whence were streaming verdure, fruit and flowers.

"Look!" said Hals; "what delicacy and harmony!—there are not only here flowers, furniture, fruits; this is a whole picture, and this deserted chamber has its expression like a head of Rubens. Among all the painters of our times, we have had but one who could give to his interiors this charm, and to his painting this finish: it is Gonzales."

"Gonzales!" exclaimed Perez; "do you say that this painting resembles his!"

"As much as two kinds of painting can resemble each other."

"And you call this flower painter—"

"Henri Staubs."

"Where does he live?"

"At Harlem."

"I will buy this picture, Master Hals," said Perez; and that very evening he was on his way to Harlem.

At the extremity of a suburb of Harlem, and in the midst of a garden cultivated by the florist Roffman, stood a cottage half buried in jessamines. It was composed of a single story, which was reached by an exterior stairway, overshadowed by vines, and interlaced with rosy honeysuckles. This was the dwelling of Gonzales and Dolores since their marriage. They had been allured by the isolation of the habitation which concealed them from all eyes, and by its rustic grace. Besides, Gonzales had the advantage of having always before him the flowers and the fruits he wished to paint. Having comprehended—after his adventure at Brussels—that his pictures would always lead to his being recognized, he resolved to change the kind and his name, that he might defeat the malice of his persecutors. It rest him something to quit thus a career gloriously begun for an uncertain and novel one; but the security of his happiness was at stake. Then there was for his soul something more precious than fame—it was art. Little cared he, after all, for the applause of men; what he thought of was the work itself. His love, so deep and so delightful, was mingled in his soul with admiration of his art. He loved Dolores, not only because she was lovely in herself, but because she was a beautiful model. He thought less often of her devotedness than of the inspiration of her beauty; and he saw in her not only a beloved woman, but a wonderful part of crea

tion, something holy, the very sight of [illegible] inspired genius.

So he devoted a part of his days to stu[illegible] her graces, to copying them on the can[illegible] He cared little that his progress was not k[illegible] by the world, that it was not applauded; [illegible] his talent increase; he experienced hap[illegible] from it, he entered each day more into th[illegible] session of art. Like the early Christians adored Christ in the catacombs, without l[illegible] ing to the noise of the Rome above the[illegible] cultivated painting, careless of the voice [illegible] nown. As for Dolores, all that her love[illegible] she felt. These two souls seemed to have [illegible] glad in the same religion; but they had re[illegible] this end by two opposite paths—Gonzale[illegible] comprehended love by art; Dolores, art by

All the time the painter had to spare, h[illegible] voted to sacred studies. Condemned to [illegible] for others only flowers or fruits, he painted [illegible] himself Madonnas, saints and angels. D[illegible] served him as a model for his labors, whic[illegible] concealed from all eyes, and his life passed thus in a succession of delightful studies[illegible] sweet emotions. As it increased, his happ[illegible] alarmed him; he feared every instant to [illegible] emble away, and guarded it with fe[illegible] anxiety.

Since his arrival at Harlem, he had [illegible] rything to conceal himself and efface his [illegible] ory from the world. The merchant who [illegible] chased his pictures was the only man to [illegible] he had spoken; his house, the only one [illegible] which he had entered. Dolores was still [illegible] sedentary; she never went to the city [illegible] avoided frequented places. Only when the [illegible] ng was pleasant, she descended with Go[illegible] to the fields which lay extended before the [illegible] den of the florist; they sought the most s[illegible] paths, and leaning on each other, advanced [illegible] ly over the fine grass, gathering the wild fl[illegible] watching the flight of the butterflies, or he[illegible] the sigh of the birds in their mossy nests.

Sometimes, after a long walk, they s[illegible] pause, and Dolores would seat herself, wh[illegible] lover remained standing before her. With[illegible] ed arms and head inclined, he would watch [illegible] sun as it set behind the trees, listen to the [illegible] of the breeze among the leaves, or the sou[illegible] the laborers in the distance; and amid [illegible] thousand harmonies, these thousand bea[illegible] Dolores would seem to him to be the qu[illegible] creation. Then the night would descend al[illegible] the moon would peep through the poplars[illegible] both would resume their walk. Hours of [illegible] conversation, when arm presses arm, hea[illegible] elines to the beloved head, and confiding [illegible] gives kiss for kiss.

For some time past, Gonzales had be[illegible] work upon a head of St. Cecilia, which, [illegible] judgment, would surpass all he had hit[illegible] done. It was the first time he had exper[illegible] that joy of the artist who recognizes that h[illegible] is communicated to his work. One day, [illegible] having labored with more assiduity than [illegible] he felt the need of repose, and went out [illegible] The merchant to whom he sold his flower[illegible] ings owed him some money; he direct[illegible] steps towards his shop to claim it.

A light breeze was beginning to temp[illegible] heat of the day; the houses of the faubour[illegible] a shadow which afforded a shelter; ch[illegible] seated on every threshold, were taking [illegible] evening repast, and young girls were conv[illegible] beside the fountains. Gonzales advanced [illegible] ing around him an enchanted glance. L[illegible] men who have been long confined by sta[illegible] experienced in the open air an ineffable [illegible] sion of happiness; he felt his muscles e[illegible] and his brain enlarge; the balmy air of e[illegible] intoxicated him; his feet no longer touch[illegible] ground; everything seemed radiant and sm[illegible] He traversed thus the faubourg, and arri[illegible] the shop of George Krab. The merchan[illegible] was there alone. Gonzales asked for his [illegible]

"He is alone with a stranger."

"I will wait for him," Gonzales said. he began to examine the pictures and cur[illegible] of every kind which garnished the shop of [illegible] A portfolio filled with engravings, after M[illegible] Angelo and Raphael, at last fixed his att[illegible] He seated himself behind a large picture [illegible] hers, in the middle of the warehouse, and [illegible] to examine them one by one.

He had already been there a long time, [illegible] voices were heard on the stairs. A door [illegible] side opened, and Krab appeared, accom[illegible] by a stranger.

"Go, William," said the merchant to hi[illegible] "your mother wants you."

The child went out.

"Here are the two pictures of which I [illegible] to you," continued the merchant, pointing [illegible] paintings suspended to the wall.

"Are these by the same Henri Staubs, [illegible] paintings I saw at Oudenard?"

"It is I who sell his pictures to Master [illegible]

"Does he paint anything but flowers?"

"No."

"You are sure of it?"

"Sure."

"And you say that Staubs has lived [illegible] ben only six months?"

"About that period."

"What is his appearance?"

"He is a tall, handsome young man, [illegible] pale, somewhat sad, with long hair and [illegible] eyes; rather a Raphael than a Rembrandt."

"He is, indeed! Does he live alone?"

"I do not know; he comes here only t[illegible] me pictures, and never talks of himself. [illegible] theless, I remember now that neighbor J[illegible] told me he met him one evening in th[illegible] with a very pretty young woman on h[illegible] his wife, doubtless."

"It is he! it is he!" repeated Perez. "[illegible] see him."

The merchant looked at the Spaniard w[illegible] tonishment. "You have business with [illegible] said he, in a suspicious tone.

"Yes, Master Krab; where does he li[illegible]

"I do not know," he replied, drily.

"How!"

"Master Hals, it appears, is tired of [illegible] me a poor commission on the pictures [illegible] him; he wishes to have them directly fr[illegible] artist."

tion, something holy, the very sight of whom inspired genius.

So he devoted a part of his days to studying her graces, to copying them on the canvass. He cared little that his progress was not known by the world, that it was not applauded; he felt his talent increase; he experienced happiness from it; he entered each day more into the possession of art. Like the early Christians who adored Christ in the catacombs, without listening to the noise of the Rome above them, he cultivated painting, careless of the voice of renown. As for Dolores, all that her lover felt, she felt. These two souls seemed to have mingled in the same religion; but they had reached this end by two opposite paths—Gonzales had comprehended love by art; Dolores, art by love.

All the time the painter had to spare, he devoted to sacred studies. Condemned to paint for others only flowers or fruits, he painted for himself Madonnas, saints and angels. Dolores served him as a model for his labors, which he concealed from all eyes, and his life passed away thus in a succession of delightful studies and sweet emotions. As it increased, his happiness alarmed him; he feared every instant to see it crumble away, and guarded it with feverish anxiety.

Since his arrival at Harlem, he had done everything to conceal himself and efface his memory from the world. The merchant who purchased his pictures was the only man to whom he had spoken; his house, the only one into which he had entered. Dolores was still more sedentary; she never went to the city, and avoided frequented places. Only when the evening was pleasant, she descended with Gonzales to the fields which lay extended before the garden of the florist; they sought the most solitary paths, and leaning on each other, advanced slowly over the fine grass, gathering the wild flowers, watching the flight of the butterflies, or hearing the sigh of the birds in their mossy nests.

Sometimes, after a long walk, they would pause, and Dolores would seat herself, while her lover remained standing before her. With folded arms and head inclined, he would watch the sun as it set behind the trees, listen to the sound of the breeze among the leaves, or the songs of the laborers in the distance; and amid these thousand harmonies, these thousand beauties, Dolores would seem to him to be the queen of creation. Then the night would descend slowly; the moon would peep through the poplars, and both would resume their walk. Hours of loving conversation, when arm presses arm, head inclines to the beloved head, and confiding love gives kiss for kiss.

For some time past, Gonzales had been at work upon a head of St. Cecilia, which, in his judgment, would surpass all he had hitherto done. It was the first time he had experienced that joy of the artist who recognizes that his life is communicated to his work. One day, after having labored with more assiduity than usual, he felt the need of repose, and went out alone. The merchant to whom he sold his flower paintings owed him some money; he directed his steps towards his shop to claim it.

A light breeze was beginning to temper the heat of the day; the houses of the faubourg cast a shadow which afforded a shelter; children, seated on every threshold, were taking their evening repast, and young girls were conversing beside the fountains. Gonzales advanced, casting around him an enchanted glance. Like all men who have been long confined by study, he experienced in the open air an ineffable impression of happiness; he felt his muscles expand and his brain enlarge; the balmy air of evening intoxicated him; his feet no longer touched the ground; everything seemed radiant and smiling. He traversed thus the faubourg, and arrived at the shop of George Krab. The merchant's son was there alone. Gonzales asked for his father.

"He is above with a stranger."

"I will wait for him," Gonzales said. And he began to examine the pictures and curiosities of every kind which garnished the shop of Krab. A portfolio filled with engravings, after Michael Angelo and Raphael, at last fixed his attention. He seated himself behind a large picture of Rubens, in the middle of the warehouse, and began to examine them one by one.

He had already been there a long time, when voices were heard on the stairs. A door at the side opened, and Krab appeared, accompanied by a stranger.

"Go, William," said the merchant to his son, "your mother wants you."

The child went out.

"Here are the two pictures of which I spoke to you," continued the merchant, pointing to two paintings suspended to the wall.

"Are these by the same Henri Staubs, whose pictures I saw at Oudenard?"

"It is I who sell his pictures to Master Hals."

"Does he paint anything but flowers?"

"No."

"You are sure of it?"

"Sure."

"And you say that Staubs has lived in Harlem only six months?"

"About that period."

"What is his appearance?"

"He is a tall, handsome young man; a little pale, somewhat sad, with long hair and a mild eye; rather a Raphael than a Rembrandt."

"He is, indeed! Does he live alone?"

"I do not know; he comes here only to bring me pictures, and never talks of himself. Nevertheless, I remember now that neighbor Ryscoff told me he met him one evening in the fields with a very pretty young woman on his arm—his wife, doubtless."

"It is he! it is he!" repeated Perez. "I must see him."

The merchant looked at the Spaniard with astonishment. "You have business with him?" said he, in a suspicious tone.

"Yes, Master Krab; where does he live?"

"I do not know," he replied, drily.

"How?"

"Master Hals, it appears, is tired of paying me a poor commission on the pictures I sell him; he wishes to have them directly from the artist."

"You are mistaken, sir; I do not come on the part of Hals."

"Then it is on your own account? In any case, you may seek elsewhere information respecting Staubs. I am not yet stupid enough to give the address of my painters to a broker."

"You are in an error," exclaimed Perez. "I am not a picture dealer; I swear it to you."

"It is useless."

The merchant conducted the Spaniard to the door.

"Master," said Perez, stopping and looking around him, "I will give you a hundred ducats if you will point out to me the dwelling of Staubs." And as the merchant was about to make a sign of refusal, he continued: "Listen, the matter in question does not concern pictures, but an elopement."

"What do you mean?"

"I am in search of a young girl who eloped, if I am not mistaken, with your flower painter, whose name is not Staubs, but Gonzales."

"Is it possible?"

"I have every reason to believe it; but you can aid me in ascertaining it, by putting me in the way of seeing the young woman with whom your painter walks."

"That would be difficult; he lives alone in a cottage in the new faubourg, rarely goes out, and receives no visits."

"We will arrange it so as to make him go out. I may rely upon your discretion, master?"

"As I upon your hundred ducats?"

"Here is half the sum; the rest you shall have if you succeed."

"Agreed," said Krab, counting the money.

Perez approached the painting which the merchant had shown him when they entered, and read the name written below—*Henri Staubs.*

"Yes, yes," muttered he, "you thought to elude me by changing your style of painting, and signing a false name; but I well know that I should recover traces of you somewhere."

"In fact," said the merchant, who had approached, "I now see in these paintings of flowers something of the touch of Gonzales."

"O, it is he, I am sure! He could escape me only by ceasing to paint and losing himself in the crowd. But these great artists must express what is in their hearts, and be constantly in correspondence with the public. They hope to conceal themselves by changing their handwriting, and do not dream that sooner or later the pen will be recognized. Adieu, master; I will go and take my measures, and to-morrow we will commence the campaign."

As he spoke thus, Perez went out of the shop, and the merchant followed him.

Meanwhile, Gonzales had heard all. As soon as he found himself alone, he quitted his retreat, and opening a back door, left the shop and hastened to the new faubourg. The conversation he had just heard left him no room for doubt—they had discovered his traces, and a prompt flight had become necessary. But this flight would only postpone the danger; the fortunate chance which had served would not always occur; even should they once more escape the pursuit of the Alcazzos, would they not soon be exposed to it anew, and all their precautions to conceal themselves be useless? Perez had said it—the pencil of the young painter must everywhere betray *his name.*

Gonzales was at last compelled to understand that he was placed in the alternative of renouncing Dolores or renouncing Art!—and yet between these two misfortunes, the choice appeared to him impossible—the painter and the lover were so united in him, that to lose one of his joys was to lose both. What would Art be without Dolores but nature without the sun! But how could he refuse genius at the moment it was about to come to him? Was not this a sacrilege to be expiated by the remorse of a lifetime?

He traversed the faubourg, seeing and hearing nothing, and arrived, in despair, at the garden of the florist. Within sight of the cottage, he paused. Dolores was there, doubtless awaiting him, and as yet he had not decided! He threw himself, without strength, on a bank of turf—his uncertainty had become despair. He cast around him a bewildered glance; the languid flowers were beginning to raise their heads; the water in the ponds was rippled by the evening breeze, and the setting sun sparkled through the acacias like a conflagration. This beauty of creation overcame Gonzales.

"O no!" murmured he, extending his arms; "no, I will not renounce all this! I will live with the flowers and the sun! I am a painter!"

At this moment a sweet and suppressed song was heard. The young man started, and putting cautiously aside the foliage of the arbor beneath which he was concealed, he perceived Dolores leaning out at the window, seeming to be looking up the road. She was holding in her hand a common earthen pitcher, which she was wiping, and chanting, in an undertone a romance-ro of her country:

"And the shepherd said to Inez: 'I have loved you seven years, senora, and I wished to tell you so once.'

"'Now let your father's soldiers come, that they may load me with chains; summon the executioner that he may put my limbs to the torture; order for me a coffin, for I know that I have deserved death.'

"Inez replied to the shepherd: 'it shall be according to your desire; but for chains, you shall have my arms; for tortures, my kisses, and for a coffin, the bridal bed.

"'I also love you, and for you will quit the chateau of the count; I was rich, I shall be happy; I was powerful, I shall be beloved.

"'I will go and dwell in your cabin, Sanchez, I will watch with you the goats upon the rocks; I will be an industrious and submissive wife, as I ought.

"'And do not care that my forehead is whiter than thine—it will quickly be embrowned on the mountains; do not be uneasy because my hands are weak—they will be strengthened by labor; but look at my heart, Sanchez, for my heart is courageous and strong.'"

While Dolores sang, a revolution seemed to be wrought in the mind of the young painter. His hands were placed on his heart, as if to suppress its beatings; his lips murmured the name of Dolores, and tears moistened his eyelids. When the young girl had quitted the window, he remained for a long time immovable; at last raising his head, as if he had taken his resolution, he left the arbor, ascended the steps of the cottage, and softly opened the door.

Dolores was preparing the table for the evening repast; at sight of her lover, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and threw herself into his arms.

"How late you are," said she; "I was becoming uneasy."

Gonzales embraced her, without replying.

"What is the matter?" asked the young girl, starting back. "You are pale."

He sat down and took Dolores on his knees.

"They have discovered our retreat," said he; "the man who attempted to assassinate me at Brussels is here."

"Perez!—who told you so?"

Gonzales related what had happened at Master Krab's, and the conversation he had heard.

"You see," added he, "that I must renounce painting or you—the choice is made!" And running to his easel, where the St. Cecilia was exposed, he exclaimed: "I am no longer a painter; thou hast sacrificed to me rank and honor, Dolores—I will sacrifice to thee my art!" He pressed the picture to his heart, and touched his lips to it. "Adieu!" repeated he, "O, my admired one, who was to give me glory! adieu, my hopes! adieu, my dreams!" And seizing the canvass, he rent it in pieces.

Two years had passed away since the day when Gonzales had fled from Harlem, and Perez had continued to seek him everywhere, unavailingly. Taking refuge in the little town of Carigliano, in Italy, the lover of Dolores had been faithful to his resolution—he was no longer the painter Staubs, but the basket-maker, Gonzales Cano. This metamorphosis had completely defeated the emissary of the Duchess d'Alcazzo; but it had been fatal to Gonzales.

When he had sacrificed painting to Dolores, he had not comprehended how cruel this resolution would become; the contrary sacrifice would perhaps have been more easy. The loss of his mistress would doubtless have been severe; but it would not have annihilated him; his grief would have found relief in art; it would, perhaps, in expression, have become genius, while now his love for Dolores was condemned to silence. It was only in reproducing the graces of the young Spaniard, in transferring her soul to the canvass, that Gonzales knew how much he loved her; the more beautiful and celestial he painted her, the more his love became revealed to him—for him, the pencil was a voice. So, since this voice had failed him, he knew not how to express his tenderness; words seemed cold to him; they were common to all, while his former language was his own! Thus compelled to be silent, his passion forgot itself; since he had no longer been constantly occupied with Dolores, he feared loving her less, and this thought disturbed him. He accused his heart of ingratitude, of insensibility; he interrogated it as a corpse, in which one seeks to find life. Unhappily, the more he thus tortured himself, the more he felt his heart grow cold. Dolores was always what he loved most in the world; but he loved everything less; there was within him, as it were, a bitter spring, which flowed incessantly and poisoned his joys; he felt a sort of powerlessness to desire and to will, which was nothing but the incapacity of happiness.

His material position added to his sufferings. He had been accustomed to the capricious labors of the artist, to easy earnings, and he wearied of the sedulous toil which scarcely brought him every day the means to provide for the morrow. Educated amidst studios hung with paintings, and accustomed from his childhood to brilliancy of colors, he felt his sight wounded by the nakedness of his new dwelling; the monotonous sadness of these whitewashed walls communicated itself to his whole being.

One day when Dolores had gone out to carry some women's work to the Countess d'Apano, who inhabited a villa near Carigliano, Gonzales seated himself alone on the threshold of his cabin. Since he no longer painted, his sole artistical joy was to contemplate the country, and to see the young Neapolitan girls on their way to the city with their baskets of fruit, or kneeling at the feet of the Madonnas. He saw there all that the Italian school has transferred to its painting; it was an immense picture, which comprehended all others, and in the presence of which he forgot himself for entire hours.

He had already admired it for a long time, when a sportive hand placed itself like a bandage over his eyes. The young man recognized it and kissed it. "Is it you, Dolores?"

"Yes, it is I, my Gonzales; but raise your head—do you not see by my eyes that I bring you happy news?"

"What?"

"O, you must wait; I have run hither; let me breathe, and give me a place near you."

Gonzales seated her on his knees. "What is it, then, joyous messenger? Let us see."

"You know that I have just come from the Countess d'Apano, and we have conversed a long time. She has informed me that the young girl who superintended her women has left her, and has proposed that I should take her place."

"You, in the service of the countess!"

"Why not?"

"Do you forget who you are, Dolores?"

"I am the beloved of a basket-maker."

He pressed her to his breast with a sigh.

"But this will separate us."

"Indeed! Do you think I forgot that, Signor Cano?—it was the first objection I made to the countess. 'Ah,' she replied to me, 'your husband writes well. I have seen the bills he sends his customers; the count needs a copyist; he will take him.'"

"And what did you reply?"

"I accepted."

"Can you think of it? We, attached to the household of the count—subject to his orders—almost his servants! I cannot consent."

"O, say not so, Gonzales! You will accept; for I desire it, and you will not refuse me. Do not have more pride than I, my love. What matters it whether you are the basket-maker Cano or the copyist of the Count d'Apano? There you will be happy; the walls of this poor cabin will no longer sadden your eyes; we shall inhabit that pretty cottage in the park, which we have so often looked at and coveted; you will live amid marble fountains, pictures, statues. Then reflect, we shall secure for ourselves a refuge. If we are ever discovered, the count will protect us. O, do not refuse, I conjure you!"

"Who could refuse you?" said he, with enchantment. "We will go to the count."

The next day they presented themselves at the villa Apano, and found themselves face to face with the count and his wife.

"Here is your copyist and my housekeeper," said the latter.

Gonzales bowed; but his eyes, as he raised them, fell on a large picture at the extremity of the apartment.

"A Correggio!" exclaimed he.

Dolores turned pale.

"You are a connoisseur, it seems, signor. How have you learned to distinguish so well the touch of the masters?"

"By seeing them," replied Gonzales.

"And where have you seen their pictures?"

"In the merchants shops, and museums."

The count did not press him further. He asked him a few questions, gave him orders, and invited him to take possession with Dolores of the dwelling he had destined for them.

But the sight of this painting had disturbed Gonzales to the depths of his soul. As long as he had seen only nature, his passion had been absorbed in an incessant contemplation of it—the sublimity of the model took away from him even the desire of imitation. On the contrary, the sight of this picture restored to him all his former inclinations; it was as a testimony of what art could do, a means which revealed the methods of attaining its object. His love for painting revived, increased by the constraint which had been so long imposed upon it. Often, at daybreak, while Dolores was still asleep, he would rise, creep like a criminal along the walls of the villa, open a window, penetrate noiselessly to the hall where the wonderful picture was exposed, and remain there, mute, with fixed eye, until the first sounds of morning compelled him to return. This visit each time redoubled his exaltation; he knew it, and could not refrain from making it.

These emotions soon seriously affected his health. The life of Gonzales had always been threatened, and the unhoped-for joy which the love of Dolores had inspired had alone retarded the malady; happiness had been to him instead of health; but with the latter the prodigy ceased, and disease made rapid progress.

Dolores neglected nothing to penetrate the cause of this new malady. She had redoubled her affection, she had questioned him—all had been useless; he had closed his soul upon his despair! As tender beside the young girl, he continued to smile upon her—but that pale smile which freezes. The latter relinquished the idea of obtaining from him a confidence which he seemed determined to refuse; but she began to scrutinize all his words and movements, hoping to discover, by means of watching, what he concealed from her.

One night she thought she heard a noise, and suddenly awoke—Gonzales was not there! Affrighted, she arose, calling him, and ran to the adjoining room; but she stopped, mute, on the threshold. Standing before the wall, which the moon was illuminating, as before a prepared canvass, Gonzales was making the gestures of painting. At intervals he drew back to judge of the effect of his picture. His brow shone with enthusiasm; his lips murmured broken words.

"Courage!—I have discovered the secret, Correggio. I will find out thine, Raphael—it is the same: to mingle the colors with a ray of sunlight. Look!—that is it!" He stepped a few paces backwards; his face became illumined with a celestial joy, and his hands were clasped. "At last, my God! at last," murmured he. He remained for a long time immovable; then raising his head, as if emerging from a profound reverie, he approached the wall, made a motion as if to draw a curtain over his imaginary picture, and advanced towards the other chamber.

What she had just seen had revealed all to Dolores. She resolved to save Gonzales at any price.

On the morrow she asked to see the countess. She found her conversing with her physician.

"What would'st thou, my child?" said she; "and why dost thou smile thus?"

"Signora," replied Dolores, "I come to confide to you a secret."

The physician was about to leave.

"Remain, Signor Juliano," continued she; "you also ought to know all."

Then, with downcast eyes, pale with shame, and with stifled voice, she related her love for Gonzales, how the latter had renounced his art, and how this resolution was killing him. When she had finished she clasped her hands, and letting her tears flow, added:

"Now have pity on him, and save him. I do not wish to be torn from him; but I wish him to live. You are powerful, signora; here, no one would dare offer violence to us. Protect us here, and I will be your submissive slave, and Gonzales shall fill your palace with paintings."

Dolores had fallen at the feet of the countess. The latter, trembling with surprise and emotion, attempted to raise her with gracious words; but the despairing young girl remained at her feet, repeating:

"Do not refuse me! O, do not refuse me!"

"Who would have the courage to refuse you, poor child!" said the countess. "He assure yourself; Gonzales shall resume his pencils, and you shall both find here a safe asylum. But rise, I entreat you."

"O no, no!" exclaimed the young girl, covering the hand of the countess with kisses; "let me thank you on my knees, signora. O, repeat to me that Gonzales may paint! It is his life, signora. You see, since he has laid aside his pencils, he is more feeble, pale each day; and if I should lose him—O, if I should lose him!"

"Do not fear it, child, we will save him; will we not, doctor?"

The physician made, with hesitation, an affirmative sign.

At this gesture, Dolores rose from her knees, upright and pale.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "he is lost!"

"I have not said so," replied Juliano, rather embarrassed.

"He is lost!" returned Dolores; "your gesture has said it. O, do not conceal from me the truth! Is he not lost? You have not visited him for a long time; you have then given him up. O, my God, is there no hope? But this is impossible, since for many days he converses, he smiles—he is perhaps almost well." And as Juliano remained with downcast eyes, without replying, she resumed: "Ah, I remember now. It is said there are maladies in which the patient revives thus in the last moments of life. Is this the truth?"

"It is the truth."

The young girl fell on her knees again, wringing her hands; then, as if her heart refused to despair, she resumed:

"But now you know the cause of his malady, Signor Juliano. You are skilful; you will cure him. O, say that you can cure him!"

"It is too late."

Dolores uttered a cry. At the same instant the door of the adjoining room opened, and Gonzales appeared, with sparkling eye.

"Too late!" repeated he; "pencils, then!—give me pencils!"

"Ah! it is I who have killed him!" said Dolores, throwing herself into his arms.

"Pencils! pencils, before I die!" repeated Gonzales, wildly. "I have just seen Correggio—there, beside his picture! He has spoken to me! I also am a painter!" He attempted to step forward, but he staggered, leaned against the wall, and swooned.

He was carried home, where he soon recovered his senses—he was a prey to a burning fever. He wished painting materials to be brought to him—canvass, pencils, palette; all these he touched with infantile joy. He inhaled with delight this perfume of the studio to which he had been a stranger for two long years. When the easel had been placed beside him, he raised himself in the bed, entreated Dolores to sit at a little distance, and began to paint.

It seemed as if a supernatural power had descended upon him, and that he was acting under its influence, without being conscious of what he did. His hand neither hesitated nor trembled; the canvass beneath his pencil grew animated, as if by enchantment. The count and Juliano, standing behind him, could not repress their cries of admiration; but Gonzales heard them not. With dishevelled hair and sparkling eye, he painted, singing the airs of his childhood, long forgotten, and now recovered, as if by a miracle.

Suddenly, in the midst of these songs, which seemed murmured by instinct, the favorite romancero of Dolores was heard:

"'I also love you, and for you will quit the chateau of the count. I was rich, I shall be happy; I was powerful, I shall be beloved.

"'And care not that my forehead is whiter than thine—it will soon be embrowned on the mountain; care not that my hands are weak—they will be strengthened by labor; but look at my heart, Sanchez, for my heart is courageous and strong.'"

The first verses had been chanted by the dying man as a vague reminiscence, but insensibly his souvenirs seemed to awaken, and he paused.

"It was Dolores who sang that at Harlem," said he, "on the day when I promised her to paint no more."

And perceiving the pencil which he held in his hand, he added:

"Unhappy one! I have broken my promise. Perez is coming—he will recognize us! Let us fly! let us fly!"

He made a movement as if to escape; the count and Juliano detained him.

"There they are!" exclaimed he, "Dolores, conceal this canvass!—tear it—tear it!"

He made an effort to seize the picture; but hardly had his hand touched it, when it stopped, as if powerless to consummate this destruction. His arms stiffened in a gesture of grief and of prayer—he fell back with a sigh, and his eyes closed forever!"

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CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.

BY FRANCES M. CRESSEO.

Come, sister fairies, come,
And weave a wreath of flowers,
Fresh from forest shade,
Sweet with April showers.
We'll sing and dance around,
A merry, happy band,
Joy and mirth we'll wake
With our fairy wand.

Of the sweet May flowers
A fairy wreath we'll bind
To crown our lovely queen,
Fairest of our kind.
Each little fairy, come,
With dew-besprinkled feet,
A rose offering bring,
Around this altar meet.

O, lovely fairy queen,
Receive our crown of flowers,
Bend low thy queenly brow,
Receive our simple dower.
Sisters, one and all,
Of our merry band,
Salute the Queen of May,
Queen of fairy land.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY M. GILBERT.

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

I was spending a few weeks on the banks of the Rhine. Having plenty of leisure at my command, and entertaining a most hearty contempt for that system of "*doing*" sights, so prevalent among the would-be travellers of now-a-days, I had determined to spend some time with "mine host," who, by the way, was a perfect specimen of his kind, and to explore alone, and at my leisure, the principal spots of interest in the neighborhood. I love to wander in the woods, among the rocks and waterfalls, with my thoughts for my only companions; and here, the wild, romantic scenery, and the unaccustomed picturesqueness of the landscape, accorded so perfectly with all my feelings, as to bind me with a spell even stronger than I could have dreamed of. For days I had intended to depart, and for days I had been delaying my departure. I had wandered, day after day, in every direction, to every place which seemed to promise an adequate return in instruction and amusement, and day after day had I been charmed with new novelties, with new beauties. But I had, at last, nerved myself to leave all that had so strongly attracted me, and the next day but one was fixed for my departure. The next day, which was to be the last of my stay, I intended to pay a last visit to my favorite resorts, and to bid an eternal farewell to spots and scenes which had become, within the last week, as old familiar friends. Accordingly, early the next morning I started off, absorbed in deep reflection, mingled with a quiet tinge of sadness, I wandered on, unconsciously, further than I had intended, and in a direction which I had never taken before. Suddenly, on looking up, I was startled at seeing immediately in front of me, on a broad plateau which overhung the waters of the "castled river," one of those ruined piles, which speak to us more eloquently than words could do of glories past away, and which, even in their decay and desolation, have about them something of grandeur and sublimity which insensibly commands our love and admiration. It was one of those, of which Byron has said:

"Each lofel arch and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone."

Why this old ruin should have struck my fancy more than many others I have seen, I cannot tell. Yet, whether from the suddenness of the apparition, or whether the ruins were in reality grander or more picturesque than others of the kind, I know not, but certainly I felt, for an instant, emotions entirely new. I was soon lost in exploration. The roof and stairs of the high tower had fallen in, so as to give, as from the bottom of a deep well, an unlaterrupted view of the bright blue sky beyond. A few timbers of the old drawbridge yet from their rusted hinges hung creaking on the walls. The old moat had long since been dry, and choked with weeds. In the court-yard, the rank grass and the thistle, with the deadly nightshade, held undisputed sway; and as I trod the long deserted rooms, the old decaying tapestry which still hung, tattered, on the walls, waved ominously, as if in horror of the desecration, and the high arched roof and vaulted aisles gave back strange echoes to my solemn tread.

Attached to the main building, but scarcely seeming a part of it, was what from its gothic windows I took to be a chapel. The ivy, like a tried friend in adversity, still clung to it lovingly, in its decay. Its rich, exuberant masses hung, drooping, from the walls, and where the roof had fallen in, the ivy, too, had crept over the roofless side, and hung in wreathing festoons to the very floor. The toad sat sweltering under the crumbling altar-stone, and the bat slept in the crevices of the mouldering walls. But what struck me most of all was a strange rent, of about a yard wide, in the two opposite sides of the structure. It seemed as if the building had been cut asunder in the middle, and the parts then separated. I spent some time in conjecture as to what might be the cause of this strange phenomenon, and at last, not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I wisely determined to forget it entirely. Then I set myself to work to explore every nook and corner of the old ruin, and was still busily employed, when the stirring of the bats and the descending nightfall warned me home.

On my return, I related to "mine host" my day's experience, and inquired of him what might be the history of the old castle, for I was sure there must be some quaint old legend connected therewith.

"Ah, Mein Herr," said he, "there is indeed a legend connected with that old castle, and, in sooth, a strange and fearful one, but wait until after supper, and you shall hear it."

So, after a most glorious meal, for which my day's experience had given me an unwonted appetite, we took our pipes, and reclining on a large bench by the door, "mine host" told me the following tale, which, as he has forgotten the narrator's own quaint language, I will endeavor to dress up in a style of my own:

"Proud, stern and passionate was the old Count Von G. Full fourscore winters had blanched what still remained of his once raven hair, but the brightness of his yet piercing eye, and his stalwort form, which, still unbent, seemed but to scorn the weight of years, gave token that the fire of his youth had not yet all passed away. His nervous arm could still strike a blow which would not have shamed his younger days, and, sooth to say, few who valued their lives at an hour's purchase, would have dared a passage at arms with the old Count Von G. When he appeared in public, which happened but seldom, he was regarded by the peasantry with a mingled feeling of awe and terror.

"There was, too, a strange tale that once upon a wild, tempestuous night, a stranger dight in sable, coat of mail, with mailed head and visor down, upon a steed dark as the night itself, rode into the court-yard of the castle, and imperatively demanded to speak with the count. He was shown to the old count's chamber. Long and earnestly did they confer together, the stranger and the count, and an inquisitive menial, watching at the key-hole, saw the count, as he averred to the day of his death, sign a large strip of parchment with his blood. Immediately the stranger rose, took up the parchment, and folding it, deposited it in his bosom; then turning, and descending to the court-yard, he mounted his steed, and disappearing like air, was never seen more. Be that as it may, however, certain it is that all night long a red, unearthly light streamed from the old count's window, in the top of the tower, and tinged with its lurid glow the heaving waters of the dark blue river. And the old servitor often heard strange voices and sounds within, and as he heard, he crossed himself and prayed the Holy Virgin to deliver him from the power of all demons and evil spirits.

"But stern and mysterious as was the old Count Von G., there was one spot in his breast which was yet soft and green as in his younger days. Start not, gentle reader, when I tell you that the old count was in love—yes, desperately, passionately in love. Those fountains of his heart which he had thought long since sealed up forever, were re-opened, and the living waters gushed forth afresh. The pretty Therese, the loveliest maiden in all the country round, whose sparkling eye and whose cheek, which seemed as though it had stolen its color from the clouds of the morning, were the admiration of all the youths and the envy of all the maidens, had warmed his breast again into a fresh reviving life. He had met her in one of his rambles in the forest, and her rare beauty at once touched a chord in his breast which he had thought long since unstrung, while her natural grace of manner, and the quaint commixture of fearlessness and respect with which she answered all his questions, and which was so different from the undisguised terror which usually greeted his appearance, completed the charm. Long did he linger, as if unwilling to depart. Many an idle question did the pretty maiden have to answer, and when the old count turned to go, he had inwardly determined to transplant this woodland flower to blossom in his lonely castle, and to make her his bride the Countess Von G.

"But the French proverb says, '*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose!*' and in nothing is this more true than in love affairs. The little winged god had determined matters otherwise, for, with a love quite as intense as the old count's passion, and far more deep and pure, did the pretty Therese love the young Paul Ebenhart. In fact, they were already betrothed, and an early day had been fixed for their nuptials. And her choice was not misplaced; for a brighter eye, a stronger arm, and best of all, a nobler soul, was not to be found in many a mile. He was handsome, too, and the neighbors used to say that a handsomer couple than Paul and Therese had not been known in the village within the memory of man. There was not a house in the village where they were not as welcome as in their own. All loved them, old and young. The young looked forward with anticipations of intense delight to Therese's wedding day, and the old, the sick and the infirm prayed God to spare their lives to see their darling's bridal.

"A change came over the old count. He spent less time at home; he was more abroad. Many an hour which had formerly been devoted to solitary self-confinement in the mysterious solitude of his own apartment, now found him with most persevering assiduity threading the woodland paths where he had first met the pretty Therese. But whether she had an intuitive presentiment of his feelings, or whether it was merely that her inclination seldom led her that way, certain it is that the old count wandered, usually, many a weary day, ere another opportunity occurred to him. At last, one day when he had almost despaired of ever meeting her again, and was wondering if it would not be his wisest plan to go home and forget her entirely, and he had almost determined that this should be his last search, when lo, on turning an angle in the road, he saw her directly before him. She was gracefully reclining in the shade of an overhanging tree. Her cheek was resting on her hand, her hat was thrown carelessly beside her, and the wanton wind was toying with the rich masses of dark brown hair, which fell loosely over a neck and shoulders white as the Parian stone, and almost hid from view a faultlessly rounded arm in its jealous clusters. She was reading some quaint old romance of days gone by, and it must have been a tale of love and sorrow, for ever and anon a deeper flush tinged her already rosy cheek, and a gentle sigh escaped her heaving bosom.

"Long and silently did the old count gaze. He spoke not, moved not, scarcely breathed, lest he should disturb so beautiful a vision. He feared to see it vanish like a dream of an enchanted land. His wild love came quickly over him with tenfold power, and in the uncontrollableness of his emotion, he made an involuntary step forward, which startled the maiden and caused her to look up. She seemed at first confused, but quickly recovering her self possession, she bowed and rose to go. But the count detained her, and without any preparation, with a fervor and an eloquence well worthy of his youthful days, he poured into her ear his all-consuming passion. So startled and astonished was the maiden, that for some moments she could not comprehend his meaning; but as the truth suddenly flashed upon her, the rich blood suffused her face and neck for an instant, and then as quickly receded, leaving her as pale as a marble statue. She tottered, and would have fallen, had not the old count caught her in his arms. Immediately recovering herself, however, she boldly confessed her love for another, rejected his suit, and before he could detain her, she had vanished in the woods with the speed of a startled fawn.

"Motionless stood the old count until her retreating form had vanished. He had never dreamed of the possibility of a refusal. That he, whose high descent might match the noblest in the land, and of whose ancestral tree e'en princes might be proud, should be refused, and that, too, by a simple peasant girl! His whole spirit rose in arms, at the indignity. In violent agitation, he retraced his steps towards the castle, muttering with an oath, as he went, that Therese should be his bride!

"It was night. Moody and dull, the old count sat in his chamber. It was a quaint old room. The walls were hung with sable velvet, interwoven with tracery of gold. Around him lay massive tomes, with clasps of brass, mingled in strange array with implements of many a curious device. The floor was inscribed with many a mystic circle. A small furnace and crucible, with which he seemed to have been experimenting, were on the table before him, but now the fire was flickering low with an expiring flame. But he heeded it not. His head had sunk upon his breast, and he seemed lost in intense thought; and ever and anon he muttered to himself brokenly, as if in sleep. Suddenly he started up, and rung his bell violently. Scarcely had its last tones died away, when Gotthart, his old servitor, stood before him.

"'Gotthart,' said the count, 'thou knowest the pretty Therese, the beauty of the village?'

"Gotthart bowed.

"'Wouldst thou not like her for thy mistress, Gotthart?'

"Gotthart was astonished; but he knew his master too well to manifest any surprise, so he merely bowed again.

"'And she shall be!' cried the count. 'Listen, Gotthart: I love the maiden. I have loved her long and madly. To-day I told her all my love. She refused my hand, rejected my suit; to my face, she told me that she loved another! And now, by all that's good, mine shall she be before to-morrow night shall pass away. Dost hear, Gotthart? She must be mine! It matters not how, yet mine she must be! There are retainers enough in the castle. Take them and go; and cornst thou without her, thou knowest the rest. Now go; leave me!"

"Gotthart bowed and retired, and the old count was once more alone.

"We will pass over the sudden disappearance of Therese, and the terrible sorrow which, on the morrow, pervaded the whole village. It is not with that, that we have to do. Suffice it to say that the old servitor had proved himself capable of his mission, and that ere morning dawned, the pretty Therese was brought a prisoner to the castle.

"The nuptials were to take place on the following evening. A monk had been procured from a neighboring convent, and a bridal robe had been hastily put together by some of the female servants of the castle. The other preparations were but few. The menials of the castle were to be the only spectators. There was to be no pomp, no ceremony. There was to be no gorgeous bridal train, no joyous revelry, no merry dance, no music, and no song. It was to be only a quiet sacrifice of a sad, despairing victim.

"The captive spent the livelong day in prayers and tears. But the weariest day must come to an end at last, and as Therese sat by the window, and saw the great red sun sink down behind a portentous looking cloud, which was slowly looming up in the western horizon, she felt that her hour had almost come. Silently and unreluctantly she submitted to the attentions of the maidens, who had come to deck her for the sacrifice. Calm and pale she stood, until the last fold was arranged in her snowy dress, the last flower tied to her raven hair!

"It was a fearful sight to see that young maiden, as she stood before the altar. Her glossy hair fell over a neck and throat so pale, that you scarce might tell where the satin dress met its snow-white marble. All traces of tears had been swept away, and as she stood, so pale, and yet so calm and firm, there was a strange expression in her eye, and a stern compression of her bloodless lips, which bore the token of some firm resolve. As she stood there, under the dark shadow of the old count's sternness, you might have thought some woodland flower, pale with cold, was peeping out from under the snows of winter.

"But the ceremony commenced. The deep, dark cloud, which had hung over the horizon at sunset, was pregnant of an approaching storm. The distant thunder muttered incessantly, and the lightning flashed with a lurid glare through the dimly lighted chapel. The first big drops were already falling heavily, one by one, upon the vaulted roof, mingling their pattering with the deep low growl of the approaching thunder. But they heeded it not. Uninterruptedly the ceremony proceeded, until the monk addressed to Therese the question whose answer was to bind her with the bond which no man may part asunder, when, to the astonishment of all present, turning her dark, wild eyes full upon the count, in a voice firm, indeed, but deep and unearthly, as though it might have been from a tomb, she answered:

"'Thou hast torn me from my friends, my home, my kindred. Thou hast brought me here, before this altar, to pledge to thee that faith, that love and that obedience which I have vowed irrevocably to another. Thou canst do with me as thou wilt, yet know, proud count, who warrest thus on women, that never, before God, will I be to thee a willing bride. And as God is my judge, before whom I stand, I summon thee to appear ere long before his bar, to answer this foul wrong which thou hast this day done to a weak, defenceless maiden.'

"For some moments, all was still. The menials were horrified at her temerity. The count himself was disconcerted. At last he broke the silence.

"'Mind not the silly, prating child, Sir Monk. She knows not what she wishes. Proceed! I may not brook delay.'

"'I may not, my lord,' replied the monk. 'In such a case, the laws of our holy church forbid it.'

"'And what care I for your holy church, Sir Monk? or for her laws?' replied the count. 'I have sworn that this maiden shall be my bride to-night, and so she shall! Proceed, or it may not be well with thee!'

"They heard not the deepening thunder, as it advanced nearer and nearer. They marked not how the lightning shone at every flash with a ruddier glow.

"'I may not, my lord,' replied the monk.

"'Thou wilt not?' asked the count, as a fearfully indescribable expression crept over his features.

"'No, my lord.'

"There was no answer. With one stride, the old count reached the monk. There was an uplifted hand, a blow, and the white-robed priest sunk quivering to the floor beside the altar, while a small crimson tide welled from his lips, and trickled in a dark, ominous stream slowly down the chancel steps.

"Another horror, pale as sheeted ghosts, the trembling throng of menials stood in silence rooted to the ground. The old count, himself, stood as if petrified. Therese was white and motionless as a marble statue. The silence was so deep and awful that each drop of blood, as it fell trickling to the ground, sounded like iron hail. So dumb, so horrified, stood the affrighted throng, that they heard not a deep, dull, rumbling sound, as of distant thunder. On it came, nearer and nearer, till, with a flash which seemed to split the heavens had burst into flame, and with a crash which seemed to vibrate to the centre of the solid earth, it burst upon the castle. All fell in terror to the ground. How long they lay, they knew not; but when they rose, they found the walls of the chapel torn asunder in the manner described. The old count disappeared, and could nowhere be found. One of the menials asserted that, as he fell, he caught a glimpse of a sable-black steed, with fiery eyes and mane of flame, with a rider in a sable coat of mail, dash in at one side of the chapel, as its walls opened, and seizing the old knight by the waist, and placing him before him on his steed, disappear at the other. Be that as it may, the old count was never seen again. When they raised Therese, they found that life had fled. Every effort to restore her was unavailing.

"After the strange events of this fearful night," continued "mine host," "the castle was soon deserted. The ghost of the monk haunted the chapel, and ever on a stormy night, amid the howling of the wind and the pealing of the thunder, strange sounds were heard, as of the trampling of a fiery steed upon the chapel floor. The menials soon fled in terror. No one could be found to live there. After its desertion, the old castle gradually fell into decay. But tale and song, from aged sire to son, have still preserved its terrors; and even now, the belated peasant hurrying home at nightfall, often sees strange shapeless forms, and hears unearthly sounds, and, shuddering, he crosses himself and hurries on. And he would be, in sooth, a brave man, who would venture to pluck at midnight a leaf from the ivy which grows within that haunted chapel."

FORREST AND THE COLORED ACTOR.

Recently, our distinguished tragedian was playing an engagement at Baltimore. One morning, while at breakfast, the colored gentleman who waited upon him thus addressed him:

"Massa Forrest, I seed you play *Virginius* de odder night—I golly, you played him right up to de handle. I tink dat play just as good as Hamlet. Was it writ by the same man?"

"O, no," said the tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his sable friend, "Hamlet was written by Shakspeare, and Virginius by Knowles."

"Well," said the waiter, "dey's bofe mighty smart fellers. Ise an actor myself."

"You?" said the astonished tragedian; "why, where do you play?"

"Down in the 'sembly rooms," was the reply. "Wese got a theatre, stage, and scenery, and dresses, and cherying all right. We plays dere beautiful."

"What have you ever played?"

"Why, Ise played Hamlet, and Polonius, and de Grabe Digger, all in de same piece."

"How do you manage to rehearse?"

"Why, we waits till de work is done, den we all goes down to de kitchen and rehearses."

"But what do you do for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest.

"Ah, dar we stick! We can't get no ladies."

"Why, wont the colored ladies play?"

"O, no," said the colored actor, "de colored ladies tink it too degrading."

The great tragedian heard no more questions.—*Baltimore Sun.*

PACE, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FOOL.

The professional "fools" by whom our ancestors were so much amused, were characterized as much by impertinence as wit. To put one person out of countenance afforded mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrunk from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Pace, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, "Come on, Pace," said she, "now we shall hear of our faults." "I do not," he replied, "talk of that which all the town talks on." She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment.—*Camp and Court.*

Jester's Picnic.

Our minister actually got off a pun the other day. But we assure the reader that it was quite unintentional. He wouldn't have done such a thing for the world. It was at a social gathering. He had been arguing the necessity of carrying religion and principle into the most ordinary conduct of life when some one added that we "ought to be lights of the gospel."

"Yes," said our minister, "but we must be careful how we make the lights."

There are people base enough to suppose that he intended it, and so call it a "good one."

A fashionable lady in Buffalo is going to have a house built soon, on one of the best sites in town. Everything about it is to be "substantial" and "splendid." There is to be a "Porte Kiss" in front, a "Piazza" in the rear, and a "Lemonade" all round it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an "Anodyne" the lawn in front is to be "degraded" and some large fresh trees are to be "supplanted" into the "hole" in the rear. This is the same lady who told Governor Clinton how remarkably stormy it is apt to be when the sun is passing the "Pointscent."

In a back town, Deacon S—— and Squire M—— both fell asleep during the afternoon service. Parson H——, a man of wit, noticed that his eloquence was being wasted on his two prominent hearers, and he leaned over the pulpit and said:

"Deacon S——, I don't want to trouble you, but really you are snoring so loud I am afraid you will wake up Squire M——." The boys in the gallery laughed.

A Spaniard sent his son to the University of Salamanca, and told him to study economy, and to eat beef rather than poultry. On arriving, the young gentleman asked the price of cows.

"About twenty dollars."

"And partridges?"

"Twenty five cents."

"I must live on partridges," said he, "they are decidedly the cheapest of the two."

An accepted lover one day walking in a pretty village in Bedfordshire, along with the object of his affections, was hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his love, remarked:

"How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm!"

"Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other is hanging!"

"Are you the porter?" "I am in the place of the regular porter, Mike Sherry, who is ailing, sir. He's suffering a deal of pain—and it's not a sham pain, eldest, sir, and he may soon come to the fore. He had a good wife, sir—but there was not a very cordial feeling between them, sir, and he would lick her. Poor woman, she died a week ago; and I am afraid he'll soon be laid beside her, and join her in the spirit land."

Neatness may be carried to excess. Mr. Slasher is devoted to whitewash. On taking a house in the country, he whitewashed the trunks of all the trees affording food: it gave them a nicer appearance. He was next proceeding to improve the hollyhocks in the same style, when Mrs. S dragged him away by the coat-tail, declaring that she had borne a good deal, but she wouldn't stand that.

Punch gives a specimen of the table-talk of Lodgers:—"I was always," said Lodgers, "kind to animals, and I recollect being much hurt by a fox that limped away from me and avoided me. Once it hopped towards me, but when I was about to lay on it the hand of friendship, it gave a skip in a contrary direction. I lost sight of it, and we never met again."

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farmhouse, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing. "Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like to have me examine the heads of your children? I will do it cheap." "Well," said the farmer, pausing between two strokes, "I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman combs 'em with a fine tooth comb once a week."

A pair of Irishmen, who were recently travelling toward the Iron City, came upon a mile-board standing by the wayside, with the inscription upon it: "45 Miles from Pittsburg." Supposing it to be a tombstone, one of them gently tapped the other upon the shoulder, and said, "Tread lightly, Jammy; here lies the dead, 45 years cold, an' his name is Miles, from Pittsburg."

A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of the neighbors. The poor man was knocked under the water-wheel, and the bag with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed:

"*My* gracious! what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

A love-sick swain, desirous to indicate the extent and character of his love for the empress of his heart, exclaimed:—"Ah, Miss Brown, my affection for you is so strong as—as—as the butter they gave us for dinner!" She was satisfied, as she boarded at the same house. The bargain was struck, and they were married.

The following touching reply to that everlasting inquiry, "How do you do?" was made by an original the other day: "Rather thin, thank ye; I've got the rheumatism in one leg, and a white swelin' on t'other hand, besides barin's a little touch of the influenzy—and aint very well myself either."

A gentleman passing through one of the public offices, was affronted by some clerks, and wrathfully remonstrated to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some of the cusses of this place, and I now come to quaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

Jones found a Latin word in his newspaper, of which he did not know the meaning so he appealed to Brown, who is a scholar, and—more's the shame—a punster. "What is *Ne facie*?" said Jones. "Maynard & Noyes," replied Brown—"isn't that the ink you buy?"—*Punch.*

Coffee—Miss Susan, has you ate the burial of peaches I sent you?

Susan (who is supposed to be an invalid)—No, Mr. Coffee, I ate half a bushel, but the seeds scratched my throat, so I couldn't finish 'em.

To those who take an interest in such things, we will give a puzzle: take ten pieces of coin, and place them in a row, take one of them and jump over the two next to it, and so on, until you have diminished the ten pieces to five. Try it.

A gentleman travelling in Ireland, said to a very importunate beggar—"I have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered—"Oh it's time I parted with 'em, when I'd nothing for 'em to do."

"What do you think my son will be eminent for?" asked the mother of a pennant young gentleman of the barrister with whom he was studying. "He will be admirable at cross questioning," replied the gentleman.

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